

The Listener

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Street fish seller in Lisbon (see 'A Response to Portugal', by V. S. Pritchett, page 655)

In this number:

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Friend of Britain (Robert E. Sherwood)

The Choice before South-east Asia (C. A. Fisher)

Historical Inevitability (Pieter Geyl)



British steel builds Persia's railways

Persia wanted steel rails — 100,000 tons of them for the Tabriz-Maine and Meshed-Shahrud routes. Several European countries were keen to supply them. But the contract came to Britain. British steel and goods made from steel are in demand all over the world.

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THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

The Listener

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Franklin D. Roosevelt, Friend of Britain

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

TEN years ago, after President Roosevelt's death*, Winston Churchill rose in the House of Commons and paid eloquent tribute to the man who had been his friend and comrade in the second world war. The Prime Minister said:

In Franklin Roosevelt there died the greatest American friend we have ever known, and the greatest champion of freedom who has ever brought help and comfort from the New World to the Old.

Three years later, when the Roosevelt statue was dedicated in Grosvenor Square, I heard Mr. Churchill speak these words:

In Roosevelt's life and by his actions he changed, he altered decisively and permanently, the social axis, the moral axis, of mankind by involving the New World inexorably and irrevocably in the fortunes of the Old. His life must therefore be regarded as one of the commanding events in human destiny. . . . The longer his life and times are studied, the more unchallengeable these affirmations which I have made to you tonight will become.

I feel certain that Sir Winston would not change one word of that today—despite the deplorably irresponsible leakage to the press of the American documents connected with the Yalta Conference. Incidentally, I had official copies of those same documents in my possession at my home in New York for more than three years, when I was working on the papers of my friend, the late Harry Hopkins. There was no authority to stop me from publishing them in full. I could see no useful purpose to be served to history by repeating idle, off-the-record chatter or attempts at little jokes over the vodka. I can still see no useful purpose—but I can see terribly dangerous precedents for the future of international negotiations.

Sir Winston has written that Roosevelt, in the last days of his life, sent an angry message to Stalin which ended, 'I cannot avoid a feeling of bitter resentment toward your informers, whoever they

are, for such vile misrepresentations of my actions or those of my trusted subordinates'. Those strong words were written by the President *on* the record, not off it. The last message that Roosevelt ever sent to anyone was dispatched an hour or so before he collapsed and died. It was a message to Winston Churchill. It referred to the problems with the Russians which, the President said, 'seem to arise every day', and it concluded, 'We must be firm however, and our course thus far is correct'.

Sir Winston knows, probably better than any living man, that what matters to history is what Roosevelt said for the eternal record and, of far greater importance, what he did. Sir Winston also knows from long experience the character of the politicians who, by various, devious means, compelled the leakage of the Yalta papers. Their motives were entirely and maliciously political. They were callously indifferent to any dangerous effects upon our friends and allies throughout the world. These politicians represent a minority in my country—a minority which is small but is always extremely vocal; it now bears the erroneous name of 'McCarthyism'. I say the term is erroneous because the spirit of bigoted nationalism that it describes long antedates the emergence and the decline of the egregious Senator Joe McCarthy.

This same faction existed forcibly in the United States in the years before our Civil War, a hundred years ago. They called themselves then the American Party—but they were generally referred to, by Abraham Lincoln and others, as the 'Know-Nothings'. (Abraham Lincoln, by the way, is another American President who is honoured by a statue in London.) This same isolationist faction reached perhaps the peak of its power and influence in the fateful years of 1940 and 1941. As I said, they were then known as 'isolationists'. Those of us who were opposed to them were known as 'interventionists' because we believed that Britain's war was our war.

* President Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945

The pressure of the isolationists on President Roosevelt was powerful and unrelenting. He was urged to be strictly neutral by many important members of Congress, by a large section of the press, even by members of his own cabinet. Especially after the fall of France, the protests became strident and insistent that any aid for beleaguered Britain would spell suicide for the United States. It was precisely then that Roosevelt took his unequivocal and historic position in favour of rendering all the aid for Britain that we could possibly deliver. Roosevelt never wavered from that position. He carried his argument to the American people, and they supported him, against some of the bitterest opposition that any President has had to face. He was denounced as a warmonger. He was accused of plotting to shed the blood of American boys.

The Attack on Roosevelt's Memory

Roosevelt's opponents did their best to destroy him then, fifteen years ago. They are now doing their best to destroy his memory. It is an ironic fact that although today the apostles of isolationism—or, if you will, McCarthyism—are shrieking about the menace of communism, in 1940 that same element in America was on the same side as Communist Russia.

As you will remember, when Britain was first fighting alone against Hitler, the Soviet Union was on Hitler's side. That was the time of the notorious Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Therefore the ever-obedient Communist Party in America was in alliance with the isolationists in opposing Roosevelt and all measures of aid for Britain. In various odd ways, that unholy alliance still exists: for instance, in opposition to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

Roosevelt's first great achievement in fulfilling his promises of substantial support was the passage of the Lend-Lease law—a measure which was utterly unprecedented in American history. Roosevelt had the conception of Lend-Lease more than a year before Pearl Harbour and America's entrance into the war. And I would remind you of words that he spoke publicly at that time of our so-called 'neutrality'. Roosevelt said:

In this historic crisis, Britain is blessed with a brilliant and great leader in Winston Churchill. But, no one knows better than Mr. Churchill himself that it is not alone his stirring words and valiant deeds that give the British their superb morale. The essence of that morale is in the masses of plain people who are completely clear in their minds about the one essential fact—that they would rather die as free men than live as slaves.

These plain people—civilians as well as soldiers and sailors and airmen—women and girls as well as men and boys—they are fighting in the front line of civilisation at this moment, and they are holding that line with a fortitude that will forever be the pride and the inspiration of all free men on every continent, on every isle of the sea.

Those words were spoken by President Roosevelt early in 1941, the grim winter of the blitz, the winter of the fall of Yugoslavia and Greece. That Roosevelt never belied those words is a matter of record, which you may read in Sir Winston Churchill's great memoirs of the second world war.

Churchill and Roosevelt had their first war-time meeting at Argentia, in Newfoundland, in August, 1941. They had nine more momentous conferences in the years that followed. About 1,000 communications, letters, and cables, on each side, passed between them. They certainly had their arguments. They had the capacity for mutual exasperation. And they knew it—and could laugh about it. But they were both trained in an old school of good manners and they were both forever conscious of the stratospheric level on which they were jointly operating. Never in the history of the world has there been such a close relationship between two leading statesmen of two different nations in such a shattering crisis. And never has there been such complete agreement on the basic issues.

The greatest asset that those two men possessed—both of them—was the capacity for understanding, understanding each other and the fearful problems that they together faced. It is an unhappy fact that, in all of the second world war, the relations between our two governments reached the lowest point in the weeks that preceded the Yalta Conference. For one thing, there was an

exchange of harsh words over the future of liberated Greece. And there was violent disagreement in that magnificent institution, the Combined Chiefs of Staff, which Churchill and Roosevelt had together created at the White House in Washington, shortly after Pearl Harbour. Field-Marshal Montgomery had one plan for the final conquest of Germany. General Eisenhower had another plan which had been originated by the American General Bradley. These differences flared up in stormy fashion at the Malta Conference, which immediately preceded Yalta.

It was perhaps inevitable that, with supreme victory in the air, there should have been mitigation of the friendship that had been forged in days of most terrible peril. But the last words that Franklin Roosevelt set down on paper were his assurance to Winston Churchill that 'our course (in dealing with the Russians) thus far is correct'. And last summer I had the privilege and the extreme pleasure of a long talk with Sir Winston at his beautiful country place, Chartwell, in Kent. When I walked through the front door at Chartwell the first sight that met my eye was a remarkable likeness of Roosevelt, in bronze, on the hall table.

It is not easy in these doubting days to remember the time when 'Good men dared to trust each other—when the good and the bad, the terror and the splendour, were too big for most of us'. But Winston Churchill has not forgotten.

I beg to express my appreciation to the B.B.C. for giving me this opportunity to talk to you on the tenth anniversary of the death of 'the greatest American friend' that the British people have ever known.—*Home Service*

Broadcasting in 'At Home and Abroad', JOSEPH HARSCH said: 'There is, in Washington and throughout this country of America, a vast affection and respect for Sir Winston Churchill, and, therefore, a sadness that he has felt impelled to step down from high office; but there is also a long-established basis of respect for his successor and, therefore, no reason why any American should see in the change a cause for anxiety.'

'I am sure that the welcome to Sir Anthony Eden is as generous and as sincere as is the gratitude to Sir Winston for the great good he has done. There is certainly no reason why the change should do any harm to the partnership between our two countries. But now, and with some hesitation lest I be misunderstood, I would submit to you that there is one respect in which the transition opens an opportunity for what I for one would regard as a helpful change in the manners and methods of conducting Anglo-American relations. The pattern of these manners and methods was set during the war when the utmost restraint and deference towards the views of each other was desirable and even essential to the successful prosecution of the common purpose. Those patterns have persisted, and there is a valid question whether they are as suited to the needs of today as they were suited to the needs of the war. The patterns were formed in times when the policies of Washington reflected the wishes and the beliefs and the views of the great majority of the American people. They have persisted into a period where the given policy in Washington does not always reflect even the majority wishes of the men in the Government in Washington, let alone the majority wishes of the whole American people.'

'There was in the year 1950, for example, a case where less deference and restraint on your part might have produced a happier end result. I refer to the decision in December of that year to attempt a military advance in Korea to the Yalu River. Partly out of deference to Washington views, your Government refrained from a protest which, if made, might have averted the military defeat on the Yalu. We have now another case in point in the issue over the Chinese off-shore islands of Matsu and Quemoy. I am not sure that it is understood in your country how Washington gets itself in the position it is in today over these islands. There is a small but vocal group here which wants to have the islands defended. It brings daily pressure upon the President for a firm commitment; but this does not reflect majority opinion in the country in the Congress, or even inside the Government itself. There is now a rising restlessness against the inclination towards such a commitment. The President, I believe, is searching for an honourable way of withdrawing from the Quemoy-Matsu situation; but those men here who wish to effect this change in Washington inclination would be hopelessly undermined, if you in Britain allowed the impression to be created by your silence that you supported the views of the vocal minority.'

The Choice before South-east Asia

By C. A. FISHER

WHEN I was in the United States last spring, I was driving with friends one morning when some sombre news from Indo-China came over the car radio. This was followed by a report of a speech by Vice-President Nixon which seemed to imply the possibility of using American troops to check the communist advance there. Whereupon, one of our party, a young business man who obviously had little sympathy with the idea, asked the rest of us—I will not say his fellow-travellers—precisely what use Indo-China was to the west anyway.

My own reaction to this question was probably much the same as most Britons' would have been: to recall that in the last war the collapse of Indo-China paved the way for the fall of Singapore and Burma; and that if such a catastrophe were repeated now the consequences would be incalculable, not only for the rest of south-east Asia but for Australia and the whole Indian Ocean region as well. But before I was able to give any answer, another member of our party, an American history professor, stepped into the breach. 'Surely it's obvious', he said. 'If the ice-bowl of south-east Asia—Burma, Siam, Indo-China—is lost to the communists, how can Japan be fed, and where will she be able to trade? And if she has nowhere to trade, and her economy collapses, won't she go communist too?'

I am not suggesting that either of these two views represents a full and considered answer to the question we were faced with, but I do suggest that the difference between them corresponds to a real difference between the way in which the British and the Americans look at the problems of south-east Asia, and that this difference is rooted in history and geography.

It is only since the second world war that the term south-east Asia has come to be used as a collective name for the region comprising Burma, Siam, Indo-China, Malaya, Indonesia, and the Philippines. Before that, if a collective name was used at all, it would have been either Further India, or the Far Eastern Tropics, depending on your viewpoint. For it is a fact that throughout historic times, no less than today, the region has been overshadowed in one way or another by its greater and more populous neighbours, India and China; so it came to be seen either as a sort of eastward extension of India, or as a tropical appendage of the Far East proper; that is, of China and Japan.

The coming of the Europeans in the sixteenth century broadly underlined this difference. For while the Portuguese and the Dutch approached from the west, through the Indian Ocean, the Spaniards came to the orient across the Pacific. In turn this difference in approach and outlook has been inherited by the British and the Americans, and many of our contemporary political differences there stem from the British habit of viewing south-east Asia as part of the Indian Ocean theatre, while to the United States it seems more properly to belong to the Pacific. Before examining the consequences of this more closely, I

want to look at the situation which existed in south-east Asia as a result of Japan's defeat in 1945.

By comparison with India and China, Japan's historical associations with south-east Asia are relatively unimportant. But since the late nineteenth century, when she set herself the task of becoming the Britain of the east, Japan has cast increasingly covetous eyes on 'the Far Eastern Tropics'. As a prisoner of war, I had ample opportunity to study her war-time propaganda, and one of its most strongly reiterated themes concerned the supposed complementariness of the temperate and tropical lands. This fitted in excellently with the slogan 'the Monroe

Doctrine for east Asia', which was first used by Japan in the nineteen-thirties to imply hands off China—though, in fact, the phrase had originally been coined by a Burmese newspaper in 1905, in an editorial suggesting that the dependent lands of Asia would welcome Japanese initiative in curbing and ultimately expelling western influence from the east.

Until the Pacific war, Japan was still widely regarded by the peoples of south-east Asia as the great champion of Asia against the west; and her ability to supply the sort of consumer goods that these people wanted, at far lower prices than the west could offer, undoubtedly added to her popularity. But actual experience within what the Japanese called 'the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere', between 1942 and 1945, led inevitably to disillusionment, which helped to bring about the nationalist risings after Japan's defeat and the eventual replacement

of the former colonial regimes by independent governments.

These immediate post-war changes created a vacuum in south-east Asia, both politically and economically. There was now left a series of small, weak, and inexperienced states whose ability to withstand strong external pressure by themselves is, to say the least, uncertain. Within these states, moreover, there is a perfectly understandable feeling that political nationalism is not enough—that independence will be complete only if it is accompanied by greater economic self-sufficiency. Finally, other powers have attempted in various ways to fill the economic vacuum left by the defeat of Japan.

Obviously the former metropolitan powers were anxious to re-establish their trading connection with south-east Asia, which had suffered from acute Japanese competition long before the war finally disrupted it. Here Britain was in a much stronger position than France or the Netherlands, partly because of her continued control over Singapore. Moreover, Britain's willingness to grant independence to India, Ceylon, Pakistan, and Burma created a fund of goodwill towards her throughout the whole region, while at the same time the sterling balances which some of these former British territories had accumulated in London during the war helped to re-establish the pre-war trading links between Britain and southern Asia—particularly India.

During the war India had greatly increased her industrial potential,



and one consequence of this is that India herself has now become more interested in the south-east Asian market for manufactured goods. In 1950 India was the world's leading exporter (by yardage) of cotton piece goods, and, although that was an exceptional year, it is clear that India intends to rely more and more on exporting manufactures rather than primary produce in order to pay for her imports. And the obvious markets for these goods are in the lands bordering the Indian Ocean, especially south-east Asia.

But Indian interest in the rest of the Indian Ocean region is not limited to economic matters; there are strategic and political considerations as well. Here one of the most influential Indian thinkers of recent times has been Sardar Panikkar, who, significantly I think, was chosen to become India's first ambassador to China. In 1943 Panikkar wrote a remarkable book called *The Future of South-east Asia*. Its main theme was that India's defence depended primarily upon sea-power and that, in the era of national independence which he foresaw would follow the war, it would be necessary to preserve the continuity of the Indian Ocean defence system which the British had built up since the nineteenth century. Only on the basis of a regional organisation for the whole Indian Ocean theatre, of which India must be the foundation, could safety be assured and, in the absence of a stable and responsible government in India, 'Further India [that is south-east Asia] will remain the cockpit of colonial ambitions, incapable of defending itself and a prey to the predatory urge of any power which is strong enough to attack it'.

Today, when India's foreign policy is summed up in the phrase 'non-alignment', it may seem an irrelevance to recall Panikkar's war-time views about Indian Ocean strategy. But in fact there is a considerable element of continuity here, for it is precisely this same Indian Ocean region which Pandit Nehru is today striving to see 'non-aligned', if I may use that expression. Innumerable Indians have derived inspiration from the memory of India's civilising mission in south-east Asia in the first millennium of our era. And since the failure of Japan to live up to her ideals as the protagonist of Asian nationalism, India has attempted, not unsuccessfully, to take over that role, with particular reference to the former colonial dependencies in south-east Asia. In view of the forthcoming Afro-Asian Conference in Indonesia it seems that the area may be still further extended to include the African hinterland of the Indian Ocean as well.

Australia's Near North

Another power which has also tried to fill the gap left by Japan is Australia. Like India, Australia greatly expanded her industrial capacity during the war and has, up to a point, shown a similar interest in the potential market which south-east Asia offers for her manufactured goods. Like India again, but in a manner which has surprised many Europeans, Australia has proved actively sympathetic to the post-war nationalist revival in what she now calls not the Far East but the Near North. She realises that the corollary of 'White Australia' must be 'Asia for the Asians'. But I do not think anyone would dispute that Australia's primary concern with south-east Asia is defensive: to see that a potential aggressor, whether it be a resurgent Japan or a newly expansionist China, should be halted as far as possible from her own shores.

Britain, India, and Australia may, I think, be regarded as representing the main strands of Commonwealth opinion over south-east Asia; and although their views are by no means identical there is nevertheless a good deal in common between them. It was, above all, Australia and Ceylon that inspired the Colombo plan, with the Indian sub-continent as the main focus of attention, and a geographical pattern which is essentially that of the old Indian Ocean region, with its traditional links with Britain, Australia, and other parts of the Commonwealth. Indeed, it would not be unfair to describe the plan in effect, if not entirely in intention, as an economic counterpart to the strategic proposals of Panikkar, at a time when talk of economic development was more opportune than reference to military preparedness.

In contrast to the Commonwealth view, the Americans have approached the problems of Asia from a different angle. To the United States China, rather than India, was the starting point for Asian reconstruction after the war; Japan, for obvious reasons, was to be kept down and relegated to a secondary role. But the failure of China to play her assigned part and the inability of Japan to support an ever-increasing population with a greatly reduced industrial capacity led the United States to make an 'agonising re-appraisal' of her Asian policy, and in 1948 the decision was taken to replace China by Japan

as the major field of American activity in Asia and to rebuild Japan, in the words of Mr. Draper, as 'the workshop of the Far East'.

If Japan is to expand her overseas trade, as indeed she must, think everyone would agree with the prevailing Japanese view that her greatest opportunities lie in the lands of the former co-prosperity sphere. Their war-time organisation showed that the Japanese thought of this sphere as comprising three units: first, Japan itself, the industrial and managerial nucleus of the whole structure; then the continental commissariat, as it was called—Manchuria, and to a lesser extent other parts of China—to provide close at hand reliable sources of raw materials, notably iron and coking coal which Japan herself lacked; thirdly, the 'southern resources area' of south-east Asia—the vast region which it was claimed, would provide unlimited materials and markets, and could also absorb Japan's surplus population.

Market for Japanese Skills

In recent years the realities of the cold war have underlined these divisions. Japan has had to choose between extending her trade with China and keeping on friendly terms with her benefactor, the United States, and hitherto this second course has been regarded as the wiser. Similarly the United States has been forced to argue that, if Japan has to renounce her former markets in China, then she must be given greater scope than before the war to develop her trade with south-east Asia. This argument is reinforced by the fact that only south-east Asia can supply Japan's needs in rice which used to be met by southern Korea and Formosa before their surpluses began to be consumed by large refugee populations.

Moreover, there is potentially a great market for Japanese skills and services in south-east Asia. In rice cultivation, Japanese yields per acre are more than double those in south-east Asia, so they are the obvious people to teach improved techniques; and in industry, too, Japan, as an Asian country which has been through the mill and adapted western methods to oriental conditions, has precisely the sort of knowledge which south-east Asia needs today. As one instance of the kind of considerations involved, I may mention the experience of the Dutch in setting up textile factories in Indonesia before the war, when it was soon discovered that the Indonesians much preferred Japanese to European looms, for the simple reason that they were designed for people with an average height of only five feet two inches.

Nevertheless, American championship of closer ties between Japan and south-east Asia has proved extremely unwelcome to many Commonwealth countries, on both economic and strategic grounds, and for this reason we have been inclined, perhaps too glibly, to argue that Japan's natural sphere of trade is to be found primarily in China, whether communist or not.

This brings me finally to China's interest in south-east Asia, which is perhaps the biggest problem of all. This is not the place to consider all the evidence that can be mustered for and against the belief that China may try to extend her influence in south-east Asia. But one major point at least is germane to my whole line of argument, which is that the course of history in south-east Asia has been and is being decisively shaped by population pressure in the adjacent parts of Asia.

Today, with a total population of only about 170,000,000 and an average density of less than 100 to the square mile, south-east Asia appears almost underpopulated compared with India and China proper, which have three times that density; or with Japan, where the figure is now nearly 600 to the square mile. This very striking anomaly is in no sense a recent phenomenon, but its existence today is undoubtedly one of the most significant facts in the political geography of Asia.

Excessive Congestion in China

So far as China is concerned, there has long been general agreement that excessive congestion in the countryside lies at the root of the country's dire economic plight, and in many respects China has been a working model of the Malthusian doctrine. Indeed, in view of the relatively low proportion of land which is suitable for intensive cultivation, China must be regarded as even more overcrowded than India. Yet, in contrast to India, the communist rulers of China, while proclaiming the astonishing news that their country now contains 600,000,000 people, are rabidly hostile to any form of family limitation and in fact regard it as contrary to the interests of the state.

Whatever may be the true explanation of this attitude, its consequences are alarming, and it is difficult to see how the present annual

(continued on page 657)

Pakistan: A Land of Contrasts

By WILFRED NEWNHAM

THE two moments I shall always remember during my trip are, first, sitting with friendly tribespeople of the Chittagong Hill Tract country, not far from the Burmese border in East Pakistan, drinking the first locally grown coffee made in that area; and, secondly, being greeted with a volley of rifle shots fired in welcome by fierce-looking but good-natured tribesmen at the Kohat Pass in West Pakistan, quite close to the Afghanistan frontier. Let me add hastily that I am not suggesting that these two enjoyable experiences pretend to be pictures of the average Pakistani family at home. Naturally, I met many well-educated men and women in universities, agricultural centres, radio stations, and big business. From them I learned of many developments—from the increasing emancipation of women to the contributions on The Colombo Plan, United Nations agencies, and The Ford Foundation. But I still feel that those two experiences provided me with a perfect illustration of Pakistan as a land of contrasts.

When I squatted down and drank coffee, I looked out across the lush green vegetation of a tropical land where the earth was so rich and the rainfall so plentiful that food was seldom a problem, and where several crops were taken off the same land each year, where banana palms grew like Jack's beanstalk, and where ploughing was often carried out by an extraordinary method called 'jumping': At times, apparently, the hill-sides were deliberately fired and, afterwards, four lots of different seeds were strewn on the blackened ground. The crops, after warm rains and golden sunshine, were harvested progressively. On the other hand, 1,500 miles away at the Kohat Pass, my expert riflemen lived in a tough, dry, thirsty land which, with few exceptions, was incapable of producing anything, except great fighters and smugglers. Around that village, where the most amazing hand-made guns in the world are produced, great jagged ranges cut into a hard blue sky looking down on a brooding countryside dotted with medieval-looking villages and houses, each with its square observation tower, and special slits for rifles.

These differences may be superficial; they are the blacks and whites

of the two areas, without the obvious shading, and they reflect the basic economy of the two areas, and the basic problems as well. East Pakistan is rich land which often knows the curse of tragic floods. West Pakistan's problem is inadequate rain and the provision of necessary irrigation and water conservation schemes. These differences are pointed in the population figures: the eastern wing, although only one-sixth of the



West Pakistan: the Kohat Pass—'a tough, dry, thirsty land'

size of the west, has the greater population—43,000,000 to 34,000,000. Moreover, East Pakistan has only two towns with a population of more than 100,000, for about 97 per cent. of the population depend on the land for their living, a far higher percentage than in the west.

Perhaps I should remind those whose favourite subject was not geography that East Pakistan lies to the north-east of India and clusters round the Bay of Bengal with a boundary running alongside Burma. West Pakistan stands on the other side of India—the north-west—stretches 1,000 miles north from Karachi and the Arabian Sea up to the Himalayas, and it has a common boundary with India, Russia, Afghanistan, and Iran. These two 'wings' of Pakistan are not only separated by 1,000 miles of Indian territory but they have no direct land link.

East Pakistan has been quite accurately described as the land of rivers, for it is virtually a giant, river-built, alluvial plain slashed into strips by mighty rivers like the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, the only exceptions being a few hill districts like those of Chittagong and the Sylhet district of Assam, where tea is grown. One of the delights of this tropical country is to drift lazily downstream and enjoy the constant movement of river craft—motor-driven ships, bulky barges, sailing boats whose sails look as though they have been pasted on the sky, rowing boats, or long, graceful sampans like Venetian gondolas. I remember cruising down the Karnafuli River in a launch belonging to a charming Englishman, James Niblett, the Deputy District Commissioner, who talked for hours about the wonderful



East Pakistan, 'a land of rivers': view of the Karnafuli

Educational Productions

folk lore and ancient tribal customs of the hill folk. And, as he talked, I remember enjoying the golden beauty of a bamboo raft, 100-feet long, floating, leaving patterns on the silver stream, the aroma of fish being cooked on some small craft, and occasionally catching a few verses of old folk-songs sung for centuries by boatmen—songs that began with such lines as:

Sing, oh boatman, the melody of the ebbing river,
Let music ring in the blue sky above.

Even dull figures and statistics emphasise the importance of rivers in East Pakistan. In all this area, about the size of England, there are only 800 miles of high-grade roads and the annual fatalities are less than fifty. The rivers are the roads.

A Difference In Transport

Naturally then, the transport in the capitals of East and West Pakistan highlight the differences. In Karachi it is mainly cars and motor-cycle taxis, but in Dacca, it is cycle rickshaws—to be exact, 6,000 in Dacca alone. They are part of the city's life, with their attractive, striped plastic coverings for the seats, the gay hoods decorated with colourful patterns, and the cycles always shining like new pins.

The fact that you never see camels in the eastern wing but plenty of them in the west is yet another indication of the arid type of country. Camels are used across deserts to bring to cities much of the produce of the land. The products of east and west vary as widely as the scenery. Jute, which is the nation's greatest foreign-exchange earner, is grown only in East Pakistan, which produces more than any other area in the world. But cotton, the next important cash earner, is almost completely restricted to West Pakistan. Again, 90 per cent. of the important rice crop and all the Pakistani tea is grown in the east while almost all the wheat is produced in the west. What complicates the problem is not the distance between these two areas but the fact that the produce of one or the other has to be transferred by the long sea route round the Indian sub-continent.

Jute and cotton earn far more foreign exchange than all other exports put together, and early in Pakistan's history it was realised that she must have the means of processing these raw materials if her economy was not to be almost entirely dependent on foreign countries who bought this raw material. Therefore, plans were made to balance the economy and concentrate on the increased industrialisation of the nation. In this regard, East Pakistan was much less fortunate than the west. Here was an area producing more jute than the rest of the world put together, without one mill when independence came seven years ago. As you probably know, East Bengal, which is most of East Pakistan, was regarded before partition as simply the hinterland of that giant city, Calcutta, which possessed 100 jute mills. Today East Pakistan operates several mills, representing £11,000,000 worth of capital, which meet the requirements of the nation. Another step forward has been the establishment of a huge paper mill, employing 3,000 people, which was placed on the Karnafuli River because of the abundance of raw material—bamboo. This factory supplies Pakistan with much of its paper needs, but another £5,000,000 factory is to be erected to produce newsprint.

West Pakistan has shown greater industrial development. There, to give one example, the number of cotton mills has increased from seventeen, at partition, to fifty-nine today. As an indication of the importance of industry in the economic framework, three-quarters of Pakistan's recent imports from the United Kingdom comprised machinery.

In a desire to assist and to stimulate private industries, but not to control them, the Government set up the Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation, and recently £56,000,000 have been spent on the introduction of factories producing such varied items as cigarettes, cycles, and telephones. Schemes for the decentralisation of industry and the encouragement of cottage industries have also cost millions of pounds. Hand in hand with industrial development has gone irrigation projects of all kinds as well as agricultural research centres. Not all West Pakistan is desert by any means, and at times the transition from brown to green is as startling as if a magician had waved a magic wand. But one of the reasons has been huge schemes like the Sukkur Barrage on the Indus River. This is the largest type of irrigation scheme in the world: it feeds canals which would encircle the globe twice and has brought life to 7,000,000 acres.

Of course, cereals and primary products such as jute are not the only foodstuffs that vary between east and west. In Dacca, I can remember, I was always given a banana with my early morning cup of tea. In Karachi, it was always an orange. Both were produced in the greatest

profusion in their respective areas. The same applied to fruits like pineapple, pawpaws, peaches, plums, and apples. They were plentiful in one area but just a happy thought in the other. Often, they were cheap at source that the growers found it difficult to make a good living. The local fish of certain districts, too, was available only within a short radius. This is where I think the establishment of Pakistan International Airlines will help the nation. It will introduce international standards and should stimulate the use of aircraft for cheap and fast transport of freight from one part of the country to the other. It should also bring the people of the widely separated wings closer together.

Even the Government of Pakistan varies between the two wings. The background is a long and complicated one, but, put quite simply, there is not, at the moment, any Federal Parliament since the Constituent Assembly was dissolved by the Governor General. In West Pakistan, a measure of provincial government still exists for its seven provinces, but in East Pakistan even the provincial government has been suspended and government is by Governor's rule. Happily, there are some similarities between the two parts of Pakistan. One is the increasing activity by women in public affairs, the institution of better medical schemes and hospitals, and the splitting up of large estates and the granting of land to the people. But many problems have yet to be solved, not the least of them the millions of refugees who have poured into this new nation.

Education, too, still needs greater attention. Educationists assure me that East Pakistan was much worse off than its partner, when independence came. The greater majority of the teachers and university students, like Hindus, opted to go to India, and East Pakistan was left with very few competent people, and no university, as the basis for future educational development. Today, Dacca has its own university and a great band of enthusiasts. West Pakistan, on the other hand, was more fortunate, for in Lahore it possessed a fine centre of culture and education with a university. Since partition, other universities have been added.

Pakistan today could not be called prosperous: there is much poverty, ill-health, corruption, but it must be remembered that it is a young country gaining experience, and it has some worth-while achievements to its credit. Its separation by 1,000 miles of territory has added to the normal difficulties of building a new and united nation where there is not even one national language but two: Urdu in West Pakistan and Bengali in East Pakistan. But everywhere I found people who were convinced that education was the solution to most of the problems. And this brings me back to the two experiences I mentioned at the beginning of my talk. In the Chittagong country I met a boy hunting with a bow and arrow. To my astonishment, he spoke good English and assured me he was starting work at the paper-mills office the following week. Over the Kohat Pass, home of many costly feuds, I saw new schools being built and was told that the children were keen to attend. These suggest that, if the educationists are right, Pakistan is at least heading in the right direction.—*Home Service*

A History of India, by J. C. Powell-Price (Nelson, 42s.), is a handsome volume by a former Director of Public Instruction which traces the history of India from the earliest times to the outbreak of the second world war. The author handles his complex subject with a clarity and precision which enables the general reader to find his way successfully through the maze of dynasties and races which, in less competent hands, might well prove a fatal stumbling-block. The necessity of dealing in a single volume with the history of a subcontinent stretching over a period of some 4,000 years inevitably leads to a certain degree of condensation but one cannot avoid regretting that a more liberal amount of the available space was not allotted to the Hindu period. On the other hand, the author deals fully with the Muhammadan period, and pays a warm tribute to the great emperor Akbar, whose lofty and far-sighted schemes for the unification of the Indian peoples might well, if they had been carried out by his successors, have changed the course of history. The rising of 1857 is a landmark in Indian history, leading as it did to the supersession of the East India Company by the British Crown and the extinction of the last remnant of the Mughul Empire. It was in no sense a national rebellion, Indian historians sometimes assert, for the Indian nation was not yet born but it was much more than a mere mutiny of the Bengal Army. The Indian Mutiny swept the sky clear of many clouds, but it led to a growing estrangement between the educated classes and their rulers, and the various attempts to introduce responsible government by instalments met with tepid response. The author ends on a note of warning which has, also, been amply justified by subsequent events. Special attention has been paid throughout to social and religious movements, and the progress of literature and art. An outstanding feature is the large number of illustrations.

Tributes to Sir Winston Churchill

I—By ROHAN RIVETT

Editor-in-Chief of 'The News' and 'Mail', Adelaide

IN their affection for Sir Winston Churchill, Australians yield to no one. Long before the second world war, he had already won the lifelong friendship and admiration of many Australians who had personal contact with him. His lone stand against the complacency and appeasement policies of the nineteen-thirties won the esteem of all those Australians who regarded the Chamberlain policy as a disaster and Munich as an international tragedy.

Between 1940 and 1945, despite certain clashes with the Australian Prime Minister, John Curtin, Churchill became to Australians, as to men everywhere, the very embodiment of Britain's fight back after the disasters of the first year of war. Those great phrases of his House of Commons speeches and his broadcasts to the nation are as familiar to Australians as to those Britons who first listened to them during the German blitz. It is widely felt here that no Briton in this generation has been able to acquire the same popularity throughout the United States. Australians hope devoutly that the White House and Congress will not lend a less-attentive ear to Churchill's successors simply because they cannot possibly enjoy his unique prestige.

No one in Australia imagines that Sir Winston is retiring completely from the world scene. We still have great hopes that even at this stage he may be induced to come out here so that we may do him honour at first hand.

II—By PREM BHATIA

Member of the editorial staff of 'The Statesman', Delhi

ONE COULD SAY that Indian public opinion received a pleasant shock when Sir Winston supported the Labour Government's Indian Independence Act in 1947. However, it was another three or four years before people in India began shedding their suspicion of the Conservative Party leader.

His return to premiership greatly helped the process of the more sympathetic assessment of his views and his attitude generally to India is not only an important Asian power, but also one of the most vital links of the Commonwealth. As Prime Minister it became easier for him and Mr. Nehru to make closer contacts and the result, as later events have shown, was profitable for both Britain and India. Thus Sir Winston's improved relations with Mr. Nehru, to whom he was known to be opposed for political reasons before the transfer of power, was one of the main reasons why his stock rose sharply in India. As a popular national hero Mr. Nehru means India to millions and millions of people in his own country. Sir Winston's closer relationship with the Indian Prime Minister seemed to represent a kind of recognition to sensitive national minds. It also represented the famous British quality of political sportsmanship. Some in India described this as 'realism'; others named it 'political necessity'. Whatever the label, it meant that two of the world's greatest living statesmen had come closer together, despite the bitterness of history. This pleased people in India.

Apart from the personal factor, however, there was always some ascent admiration for Sir Winston's leadership of Britain during the second world war. This admiration multiplied rapidly with the publication of his memoirs, which have been read extensively in India. Although appreciation also existed in India for Sir Winston's role in world affairs, there was always a feeling that he leaned rather heavily on America, and represented a generation that was somewhat more conservative than was warranted by present conditions. And this is where India hopes that Sir Anthony Eden will be an improvement.

III—By BLAIR FRASER

Ottawa editor of 'MacLean's Magazine'

TO CANADIANS, even more than to Britishers perhaps, Sir Winston Churchill is a towering figure. In his own country, after all, he has been a well-known politician for more than fifty years, in and out of office, in and out of this or that party, in and out of favour and of fashion.

In Canada, he was a relatively obscure figure, known of course, to those who knew British politics, but even to them, rather eccentric, non-conformist, a curiosity. It was not until the very eve of war that we in Canada began to have some notion of his quality.

Then came 1940 and the great speeches—the 'blood, sweat, and tears', 'fight them on the beaches and in the hills'—all those ringing words that are common currency now but sounded incredible then. But they did not sound incredible to you in Britain. He said himself that it was the nation that had the lion's heart, he just had the luck to be called upon to give the roar. But to us, in that weird summer of 1940, so strangely quiet and peaceful here, while abroad the gates of hell seemed to have opened—to us, Winston Churchill was Britain. I remember the few days he spent here at the end of 1941, just after Pearl Harbour, just before the fall of Singapore. Canadians are not much for cheering—we are a dour lot, by and large—but Churchill could not go anywhere without being cheered by crowds along the sidewalks. And he looked as we had expected him to look, except that he was smaller. I think we had thought of him as a giant.

IV—By HUSSEIN KAMIL SELIM

Former Vice-Rector of Cairo University

FEW PEOPLE can have heard of the retirement of Sir Winston Churchill from his high office without emotion. Though he represented British character and stood for British ideals more dramatically than any other man, he now belongs to the whole world: an international figure of the first magnitude.

We in Egypt and perhaps in the whole Arab world have had in the past many reasons for quarrelling with Sir Winston Churchill. His open and unswerving support of Israel was an affront to Arab feelings that could not be ignored. Besides, his name was synonymous with the unyielding determination to hang on to British interests in this area at all costs and to ignore the growing force of nationalism and the legitimate rights of its people. Men here have had to be wasted in unnecessary bickering and even strife before Churchill saw the need for change. When he did he had the courage and the authority to face an incipient revolt even within his party in order to bring about the recent agreement over the future of the Suez Canal base. After doggedly holding out against official settlement, he was as dogged when he was convinced of the need for it to see it through. The recent improvement in Anglo-Egyptian relations is an important factor in the stability of the whole Middle East. It is also a welcome aspect of Churchill's statesmanship and realism, since he had the courage to change his mind and the ability to carry his countrymen with him.

We look forward with confidence to Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister for a continued period of co-operation between Britain and Egypt and for the faithful carrying out of the recent agreements over Suez and the Sudan. We also cannot help hoping that he will have a more neutral attitude in the Arab-Israeli quarrel than Churchill did.

V—By PIERRE EMMANUEL

French poet and broadcaster

AT EIGHTY, WINSTON CHURCHILL is by far the most lively statesman in the world. He has achieved a rare kind of greatness. He has become a myth, without ceasing to be a man. Since the days of 1940 he has entered our folk-lore of great figures, next to De Gaulle and Clemenceau. Millions of Frenchmen will never forget the Battle of Britain. Our gratitude to your whole nation goes first to him, who found the words of absolute faith you needed while going through such a dreadful ordeal. They were also words of absolute sacrifice, and we envied you the man who felt strong enough to utter them. Even now, in spite of occasional hard words, and frequent divergence on international matters, we treasure that memory and it outlives our mutual misunderstandings.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

[Other broadcast tributes to Sir Winston Churchill appear on pages 644 and 650]

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

A New Prime Minister

WITH the retirement of Sir Winston Churchill from the office of Prime Minister at the age of eighty, the last of the 'Big Three' who directed the crucial stages of the war against National Socialist Germany withdraws from the centre of the international scene. On another page Mr. Robert E. Sherwood pays tribute to the remarkable friendship between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, as he then was, a friendship that was an important factor in victory. As Mr. Sherwood observes, these two great men belonged to old world politics; neither of them was afraid to exchange stinging blows or to criticise each other's policies, but they never forgot or omitted the courtesies of life, the graces of correspondence, or the dignities of diplomacy. With the death of Marshal Stalin two years ago the kaleidoscope of Russian politics has been shaken more than once and no one knows what is yet to happen in that mysterious land. But even before his death the atmosphere had changed in the relationship between the three nations.

Sir Winston Churchill is succeeded by Sir Anthony Eden. It is interesting that in this particular situation the monarch is not obliged by constitutional precedent or practice to consult the retiring Prime Minister about the choice of his successor. When Mr. Gladstone retired at the age of eighty-four, Queen Victoria, who did not like him, was almost blatantly non-communicative. His latest biographer writes:

Gladstone was surprised when the Queen failed to consult him about his successor. He would have suggested Lord Spencer, on grounds of seniority, but the Queen was resolved to send for Lord Rosebery, and she did not consult Gladstone. There was no constitutional need for such a consultation.

When, in May 1923, Bonar Law retired from the post of Prime Minister on the grounds of ill health, he informed Lord Curzon that under the circumstances he did not expect the King would ask him to recommend a successor. The King's first instinct was to appoint Curzon, but he informally consulted a number of his Privy Councillors, including Balfour, and, with one exception, all of them insisted that the new Prime Minister ought to be a member of the House of Commons. The King therefore sent for Stanley Baldwin. Naturally the statesman for whom the monarch sends may refuse the appointment, but the choice is within the royal prerogative.

In modern times, so far as the facts have been revealed to us (for example, in Sir Harold Nicolson's life of King George V), the friendly relations between the constitutional monarch and the Prime Minister of the day have been most marked. The dinner party given by Sir Winston Churchill at Downing Street, which was attended by the Queen, on the eve of his resignation is a symbol of that friendly relationship. It is a far cry to the days of Mr. Gladstone. His reception at Windsor 'caused a mental and spiritual wound which remained open until he died'. He used to dream that the Queen had invited him alone to breakfast, but she never did. All she did was to write a few lines

to say that she thinks, after so many years of arduous labour and responsibility, he is right in wishing to be relieved at his age of these arduous duties.

King George V was a little taken aback when the first Labour Government was formed, but soon adjusted himself and was on friendly terms with Ramsay MacDonald. The constitutional monarchy and the democratic prime ministership are essential elements in our public life; and even our American friends sometimes envy us the separation of the formal and administrative functions of the head of the state.

What They Are Saying

Foreign tributes to Sir Winston Churchill

FROM ALMOST EVERY radio station in the non-communist world tribute poured out to Sir Winston Churchill. In addition to the glowing one from presidents, prime ministers, and other leaders of the free world radio stations broadcast editorial tributes. *The New York Times*, in an editorial headed 'A Titan Steps Down', was quoted as saying that only England could have produced such a man—

the living symbol of the indomitable courage, the faith, loyalty, and hatred of tyranny, which are among the best qualities of the human race. *The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

Few men in history can match the example he has set. . . . When the long record of Sir Winston Churchill's accomplishments is finally written, the years since the close of the second world war will stand as a fitting climax. . . . He saw Great Britain's prosperity re-established, the young Queen crowned, the bonds with America maintained, and the beginnings made of a sane philosophic approach to the new weapons of destruction that have been entrusted to mankind.

From France, many newspapers echoed the French Prime Minister's message, that Sir Winston was admired, not only in France, but the world over, 'as a great world citizen', who, in the dark days of the war, embodied 'the hope of all Europeans attached to their freedom'. In Italy, where Signor Saragat, the acting Prime Minister, described Sir Winston as 'the greatest statesman of the century', the *Corriere della Sera* spoke of his career as having 'no parallel in the history of the democracies'. Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, said:

He is the personification of the western spirit in our days. It is one of his greatest achievements that the western world lives today in freedom.

The Swedish Prime Minister, Mr. Erlander, recalling the dark war years, said that Sir Winston 'symbolised humanity's struggle for freedom and democracy', and *Stockholms Tidningen* spoke of the whole free world's immense debt of gratitude to him. The Prime Minister of Israel, Mr. Sharrett, stated:

He has shaped events and inspired values which are already woven into the eternal texture of man's heritage. It was given to him by a supreme feat of leadership to save the freedom of mankind, to lift his people and their allies from defeat to victory, and to give sublime expression to the resolve of millions to resist and overcome tyranny.

From Japan, *Mainichi* was quoted as saying:

The withdrawal of this international figure leaves us with a feeling as if a giant star had disappeared from the heavens.

A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, said the reason Sir Winston had resigned was because his reputation as a statesman had been so undermined that he had, to a certain extent, become a handicap in the Conservative Party's policy on the eve of a general election. That was why he had to fade into the background. Churchill suffered a fiasco in foreign policy because he ignored the demands of the British people for effective steps to remove the causes of international tension. He followed a policy of continued concession to United States demands and this caused serious discontent in Britain. Imperialist circles in Britain had accepted his resignation because Churchill's value to them as a political figure had dwindled. The satellite radios abused Sir Winston for his 'policy of strength', for his life-long aim of 'strangling Bolshevism in its cradle', his 'perfidy', and so on. A Madrid broadcast said that 'Spaniards' feelings about Churchill are always mixed', but at this time they would 'rather forget their reasons for resentment or regret and wish him a happy retirement and Britain a happy and prosperous future'. A Yugoslav broadcast described Churchill's accomplishments as 'on the whole brilliant', but added that it was his fate to 'live in the days when the British Empire is quietly burning out'.

Sir Anthony Eden was referred to by Mr. Dulles as 'a friend whom we know and trust', and by President Eisenhower as 'a great successor to a great Prime Minister'. The *New York Herald Tribune* observed:

Sir Anthony is a supremely effective negotiator and knows the value of time and patience in making the seemingly insoluble suddenly become soluble.

The New York Times commented:

Under the new regime, as under the old, the U.S.A. can look forward confidently to the closest kind of collaboration with Britain in the interests of the free world and of a peace which the free world can accept.

[Other broadcast tributes to Sir Winston Churchill appear on pages 644 and 649]

Did You Hear That?

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER

MAKING IN THE European Service of the B.B.C. LORD HARVEY OF BURGH said: 'Although by nature impatient of delay and obstruction, Sir Anthony Eden would astonish those who have never sat behind him during the long, monotonous hours of an international conference by the immense patience he displays and which he combines with a mastery of his material and something like genius for seizing on any opening which can lead to progress. No negotiator is more courteous or more seductive, yet none more stiff on the fundamentals of the case.'

The new Prime Minister is a tremendous worker, as all who, like myself, have served with him know. He works quickly, devours papers, and has a prodigious memory. I have never known him forget a letter or an earlier reference—as his private secretary sometimes said. He has a toughness and a silence which enables him to get through long hours of work, and then after the shortest relaxation, a day or two in the country, he is back again as fresh as before.

'I think his happiest days are those he can spend in the country, in his garden. Things were never so good with him when, for one reason or another, he was not able to get away for the weekend to his house of his own in the country. I do not think he cares much for shooting or fishing. He likes to work hard in his garden, to walk hard, and to play hard tennis. He is one for the strenuous life, as much in leisure as in work. Morning after morning, winter and summer, hot or cold, rain or fine, we used to stride round the lake in St. James's Park together at a tremendous pace, discussing the day's work.'

'But he is also a great reader of books and loves his library. A good book, usually a classic, Jane Austen or Trollope, always went with him on our travels. In the evenings at home I think he likes best to read. I recall a family party years ago at which his guests, including an ambassador, himself, and his small sons read in turn the parts of a Shakespeare play. Another interest of his is pictures; he owns a small collection of modern French pictures.'

'I think what strikes most those who meet him for the first time in ordinary life are his simplicity, the obvious sincerity of his belief in his ideals, his freedom from any stiffness, and his natural manners and charm. But that famous charm should not delude anybody into supposing that beneath it there is not a very strong man. What I think perhaps his greatest asset is his ability as a leader to evoke enthusiasm and to inspire loyalty. No one has ever been so devotedly served in his departments, in spite of the hardest work and often merciless harrying, because we all knew he was working just as hard, not harder, himself. He is the reverse of a hidebound man, and is always prepared for new and even unorthodox solutions, provided the principles remain firm.'

'His approach to problems often strikes one as instinctive rather than based on long, intellectual process, but he always safeguards himself by a very firm grasp of the facts. Though not an orator in the Churchillian sense, he can always put himself across at a big meeting by the freshness and vigour of his personality and by the forcefulness of his speaking. He senses the sympathies of his audience and is at once at home with them.'

'The new Prime Minister thus starts on his course with great advantages. He has had a long apprenticeship; he is still young. He knows personally practically every important statesman in the world. And, above all, he knows and understands his own countrymen.'

A MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE

On April 27 a new museum will be opened at the University of Reading, called the Museum of English Rural Life. JOHN HIGGS, the Keeper of the Museum, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'One of the more interesting exhibits', he said, 'is a "bomb", a large, rusty, pear-shaped lump of metal which nobody can ever guess the use of. It weighs over two hundredweight, and was pulled by a number of horses to form furrows for drainage in Nottinghamshire meadows. Then there is a piece of leather, stuffed with straw, looking rather like a set of cow's horns with the points sawn off. It was used to hold a rider into his saddle, and sounds a dangerous business, because if the horse fell the rider would almost certainly have been mangled.'

'There is a lace-maker's candle-holder dating from early in the last century. It is a weird looking thing made for four women to sit at, while they work to the flame of a flickering candle. The candle is flanked by four glass globes containing water which served as condensers and directed the light on to their work. One can imagine the lace-makers of more than 100 years ago sitting there with fingers flitting back and forth, their feet on earthenware pots filled with glowing charcoal.'

'We have also a splendid box-mangle which came from a farmhouse in Northumberland. The women who used it must have been pretty strong,

for it was loaded with twelve slabs of stone each weighing over one hundredweight. Mangling entailed rolling these backwards and forwards over the clothes, and I saw an old woman using one in Sussex quite recently. We have some fascinating kitchen equipment—great copper frying pans and a huge nineteenth-century pressure cooker working on modern principles.'

'A cider mill came from Herefordshire, a massive sandstone contrivance eleven feet in diameter. The millstone was pushed round by a horse. It dates from about 150 years ago and was in use in the nineteen-forties. Other items include sets of team bells—they are the bells carried as a warning by the leading horse of a wagon team in narrow lanes—and a splendid collection of hearses and fire-engines; some of the fire-engines going back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.'

'Where possible we take photographs to supplement the records. One film we want to make is of fitting an iron tyre to a wooden wheel. There are still wheelwrights left who can put a metal tyre on a wheel, but wooden wheels will die out, and then this skill will be lost. We want to get a full photographic record of it well before that time.'

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN AIRPORT

For many months, workmen have been busy at London Airport, and the first of its new buildings will be open soon. One will be for passengers flying between Britain and the Continent, the other is the tall control tower, 120 feet high. When they are opened, the airport will



Reconstruction of an early nineteenth-century open hearth: one of the exhibits in the Museum of English Rural Life to be opened at Reading

be the most modern in the world. IVOR JONES, B.B.C. air correspondent, spoke about this in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The passenger building', he said, 'is decorated with a restrained lavishness that would do credit to a luxury hotel or a big liner. But its purpose is not simply to impress air travellers and make them more comfortable. It is also to see that they get on their way as quickly as possible.

'Supposing a family is going to, say, Rome. An escalator takes them up to the concourse, as it is called, on the first floor. It is a tall, roomy place, with banks, shops, bookstalls, and so on. They see their luggage coming up into the concourse on a conveyor belt, which takes it through into customs. They follow it, having said good-bye to their friends. These can then go on to a roof garden on the other side of the building, to wave to them as they go out to their aeroplane. The garden has glass shelters, and is already planted with grass and shrubs.

'This building has been planned so that the half of it that is being opened next month can handle the passengers of about a dozen airliners almost simultaneously. In fact, the central area plan is to make London Airport capable of looking after 7,000,000 passengers a year, as against less than 2,000,000 in the past. This will also mean coping with far more airliners—and that is where the new control tower comes in. It looks like the superstructure of an aircraft carrier, and is the nerve centre of the whole airport. It has been equipped with the most remarkable vision. In the glass dome that sits on the tower like a crown there are two radar sets that, for the first time, show not what is happening in the air but on the ground. On their screens there is a picture of the star-shaped pattern of the runways and the buildings round it. When an aircraft is landing, taking off, or taxi-ing, it shows up as a small, bright speck. So, in future, the airport's ground control will know, even in the thickest fog, where each airliner is. This will mean more speed and safety. The tower is also fitted with radar that shows only things that are moving—which means that the controllers are far more certain of where aircraft are flying. Partly because of this, instead of aircraft having to wait before landing in one queue, as you might say, it will now be possible to form them up over two areas—Watford and Epsom. This again will mean greater speed'.

A GREAT ROMANTIC ACTOR

'Lewis Waller', said W. MACQUEEN-POPE in a Home Service talk, 'was, in my opinion, the greatest romantic actor not only of this country but of all countries

and of all time. He was himself the very embodiment of Romance, of cloaks, swords, feathered hats, the sheen of armour, the Roman Toga—and of full-blooded masculinity. Perhaps the fact that he was born in Spain had something to do with it. He was an Englishman, of English parents, but something of the spirit of Don Quixote, of the age of chivalry, the flash of a Toledo blade, of dark-eyed señoritas being serenaded on balconies all got into his personality and remained. He was not originally destined for the stage. His people sent him into the City as a foreign correspondent—for he was a good linguist. But he knew the City was not for him. His fingers were made to clasp a sword hilt, not a pen; silk hats and bowlers were not his headgear, but rather the sweeping, feathered Cavalier hat or the tricorne.

'For Lewis Waller was something out of the past which had got into the present. This man wore what is called 'costume' as to the manner born; he wore a sword with more ease than his colleagues carried their sticks and umbrellas. Powder on his hair, a white wig or a peruke, those were more to his taste than his own dark curls. Put him in full armour and he was more at home than ordinary men in their natty suitings. Silks, satins, sprigged waistcoats, thigh boots, helmets, they were all natural to him. When he assumed Roman attire, the most difficult thing for moderns to wear, he was, indeed, the noblest Roman of them all. He could assume a toga more easily than a raincoat.

'He played many modern parts and he played them perfectly; he could not do otherwise, but one missed atmosphere.

'In rating him as the foremost of the Romantics, I mean no disrespect to the memory of Sir John Martin-Harvey. He, too, stood at the topmost peak of Romance. But he was a spiritual Romantic where Waller was a physical one. Waller could never have compassed the supreme pathos and charm with which Harvey endowed Sydn Carton but Harvey could never have made you hear the clatter of hoofs, the swish of steel, the cries of the wounded, the urgency of the wild gallop as Waller did in 'The Three Musketeers', where D'Artagnan he told of the rush to save the Queen's diamonds. Harvey would have made you see the mind; Waller made you live the action.

WHERE SOCRATES TALKED

In Athens archaeologists of the American School of Classical Studies have, since 1931, been excavating the ancient market place of the Greek capital. Digging has been completed. Now begins the task

reconstruction to make the market place or Agora, look like it was in the time of Socrates. R. E. WYCHERLEY, Professor of Greek at the University College of North Wales, recently visited Athens, and described in 'The Eye-witness' the work at the market place.

'For twenty years or more', he said, 'the Americans have been excavating the Agora, rebuilding the picture of what it looked like, until now they have a pretty exact idea of what it did look like, even to there being trees outside specific buildings. The idea is not only to excavate the streets and houses of the Agora, but to plant trees and shrubs as near as possible to where they grew 2,400 years ago.

'For example, the Theseum Temple was once surrounded by a garden. This temple is extraordinarily well preserved, and there was no need to excavate it. But the archaeologists have been poking round there and, amongst other things, they found large holes in the rock, and in these holes there were flower pots—plant pots. Gardeners went to work this winter in the grounds of the Theseum Temple planting pomegranate and myrtle, which were both popular with the ancient Greeks.

'In one particular street on the west side of the Agora, at almost every step you are reminded of notable Athenians, Socrates for instance. First, there is the colonnade where he talked with his friends. It was sacred to the God Zeus and it has been planted with

oaks. Next, you see the notice-board where the announcements of the trial of Socrates were put up and the office where the record of it was kept, and the curious round building where he defied the "thirty tyrants" who had seized power at Athens. A little further on are the ruins of some shops. One of these contained a number of boot nails and a cup with the name Simon on it, and you can be sure that this was the shop of a cobbler named Simon—a cobbler who was also a philosopher with whom Socrates loved to chat.

'Trees are to be planted in the Agora again, and, as far as possible, they will be the same kind that grew there in the time of Socrates. We know there were plane trees along the streets, including one on which was fastened a list of women who had committed crimes together with the punishments they were given. There were also several poplars, one of which stood right at the back of the old theatre and was used as a kind of gallery. There was a saying, "view from the poplar", which in those days meant a theatre seat in "the gods".

'Several ancient shrines had their own little gardens. Holes in the rock and arrangements for bringing water to the site, sometimes show where the trees and shrubs were. Trees are being planted there again now, as near as possible in the exact places where they were 2,000 and more years ago'.



Lewis Waller in the character of D'Artagnan in 'The Three Musketeers', 1898

Mander-Mitchelson Theatre Collection

Policemen and Police Authorities

R. M. JACKSON gives the first of eight talks

A POLICEMAN is, in appearance, unmistakable. Yet if we ask what he is, who employs him, and how is he controlled, the answer is complicated. We can see that by considering a case that was heard some twenty-five years ago. A man called Russell was wanted for obtaining £150 by false pretences from a postman in Oldham and a warrant was issued for his arrest. It was thought he had fled to London, and the Metropolitan Police were contacted; they arrested a man called Fisher, thinking that he was the wanted man, and kept him until Inspector Sharples of the Oldham police arrived to take him back there. He was detained for some hours in a police station in Oldham before it was discovered that he was the wrong man, when he was released. He brought an action against the Oldham Borough Corporation for damages for false imprisonment. The case put forward was that the corporation, through their watch committee, employed the Oldham police force, so the point to be decided was this: Are policemen in the employment of the local police authority?

The General Pattern

Leaving out the Metropolitan Police and a few amalgamated forces, the pattern is that provincial forces are either borough, under a watch committee, or county under a standing joint committee. Neither of these committees is like an ordinary local government committee. A standing joint committee is composed half from the county council and half from the Justices of the Peace in Quarter Sessions. The powers relating to police are given to it; the county council has to supply the money for which it asks, and cannot overrule it. The standing joint committee usually reports to Quarter Sessions and to the county council, but there is nothing that either body can do about the report, except to receive it, though a county council has been known to record in its minutes that it received the report 'with pain and regret'. The watch committee is a committee of the town council; and although the watch committee does not have to obtain the approval of the council for most of its actions, the council has control over some matters, including finance. Hence, in speaking of a borough police force, we sometimes refer to the watch committee and sometimes to the borough council or corporation.

The argument of the plaintiff in *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation* was that the corporation, through its watch committee, appointed constables, paid salaries and wages, had the power to exercise some measure of control over their actions, and could dismiss them. That, said the plaintiff, is enough to establish the relation of employer and servant. On the other side there were a number of arguments. In the first place, the central government has a large measure of control; half of the approved expenditure of a police force is paid out of Treasury money; the Home Secretary makes various regulations which are binding upon police authorities and appeals lie to him on disciplinary matters including dismissal. Historically, a constable has always been appointed to perform an office. When he is appointed he takes an oath before a Justice of the Peace and he swears that he will well and truly serve Her Majesty in the office of constable. He does not say that he will serve the watch committee or the borough council. If we must describe the office of constable as being held under anyone, it is held under the Crown.

The judge in this case of *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation* therefore came to the conclusion that a police constable is not the servant of the borough but that he is a servant of the state, and a ministerial officer of the central power, though subject in some respects to local supervision and control. That disposed of the case, for if the police were not the servants of the borough, then no liability in law would attach to the corporation. So Fisher lost.

At the time when this case was decided there was no legal right of a subject to bring an ordinary legal action against the Crown. The Crown Proceedings Act of 1947 allows such actions. Can we then follow the observation of the judge that a constable is a servant of the state, and say that the state must be responsible for him on the basis of em-

ployer and servant? The answer is that the Crown Proceedings Act excludes this; for the purpose of that act there is no government liability for the actions of persons unless they are appointed directly or indirectly by the Crown and paid wholly out of Treasury money. A constable, as we have seen, is appointed by the local police authority and is paid wholly out of the local rate fund, although that fund gets substantial assistance from the Treasury. But suppose we look beyond that and ask whether on general principles the Crown should not be liable as employer.

'Original Authority' of a Constable

This was answered nearly fifty years ago by the High Court of Australia. A constable in Hobart saw a disturbance in the street and arrested the wrong man. The appointment of constables in Tasmania was transferred in 1898 to a government commission. It was argued that the state appointed the constable and that all his power and authority came from the state. The constable, it was said, can act only on behalf of the state and therefore the state must be liable as his employer. Chief Justice Griffith gave what is perhaps a classic description of the position of a constable:

The powers of a constable, whether conferred by common law or statute law, are exercised by him in virtue of his office, and cannot be exercised on the responsibility of anyone but himself. If he arrests on suspicion of felony, the suspicion must be his suspicion . . . if on view, the view must be his view, not that of someone else. . . . A constable, therefore, when acting as a peace officer, is not exercising a delegated authority but an original authority, and the general law of agency has no application.

There is a distinction between holding office and being employed. A constable, like a Justice of the Peace, holds office under the Crown, but he is not a servant of the Crown.

In this Australian case, as in *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation*, stress was placed upon a constable acting as a constable; that is, it is recognised that a policeman may be called upon to perform some other duties. If a policeman should be used as a messenger or doorkeeper for a borough council, he might well be acting as their servant, and not exercising the office of constable, and in that case the council would be his employers whilst he was doing these things. Or again, if a policeman were carelessly to drop something out of the window of a police station and injure a passer-by in the street below, the local police authority would be liable; but that would be because they are the occupiers of the building, and it does not matter whether the thing is dropped by a policeman or a charwoman. We are, however, concerned with his ordinary activities in maintaining law and order, keeping the peace, making arrests and seeing that alleged malefactors are brought to trial, and when he does these things he is not acting as the servant of the local authority nor as the servant of the Crown. As with virtually all legal distinctions, we cannot be quite sure where to draw the line. A constable directing traffic is presumably engaged in a modern form of his old duty of maintaining order. What about the constable of whom you ask the way, and most regrettably he negligently sends you off in the wrong direction and you suffer loss as the result? There is no certainty what the law courts would say about that: it is one of those legal questions of which Jeremy Bentham said 'Wait till your fortune has been spent in the enquiry, and you will know'.

The Citizen's Right to Compensation

But why does all this matter? It may be said that if anyone suffers loss through unjustified or negligent police action, he ought to be able to get compensation, in the same way that he can get compensation for the wrongful or negligent acts of bus-drivers or railwaymen. In fact, the citizen can generally get compensation in the case of the police. He can sue the individual police officer, and if damages were awarded against a police officer it is the normal practice of the local police authority to stand behind him, provided they are satisfied, in the light of the proceedings, that he acted in good faith in the intended execution

of his duty. A local police authority will ordinarily provide the funds not only because that is due in justice to a citizen who has suffered loss, but also for the efficiency of the police. Every member of a police force should be able to carry out his duties in the confidence that if he acts in good faith he will be accorded the support of those in authority over him, and that if his action proves to have been wrong and he is involved in expense in legal proceedings brought against him, he will not suffer personal loss. *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation* says they may not pay. The major point is, however, something much more than whether a citizen may possibly suffer loss. If the view had been taken that a constable is a servant, we should then have had to say either that he is a servant of the borough or county, or that he is a servant of the Crown, but in either case we should have to admit the right of his employer to give him orders.

Consider for a moment the things that might happen if a watch committee or borough council were in a position to treat the police as being their servants. If the council took the view that some part of the law ought not to be enforced—say, for instance, they disliked speed limits or the betting and lottery laws—they could just order the police to do nothing about them. Another field where a council might have strong views is in connection with meetings and processions. If the council could use the police as their servants, they could, in effect, prevent the holding of meetings and various other political activities of which the council happened to disapprove.

Dangers of Power

On the other hand, if the police were servants of the Crown, then the Crown, through the appropriate Minister, could give directions to the police all over the country. If, for instance, the Government decided that a particular type of meeting should be suppressed, orders could go out from Whitehall, and presumably the police everywhere would then do what they were told. If the Government decided that a certain part of the law was not to be enforced, they could in the same way send orders instructing the police to take no action. You may say that a Government would not do such things. Perhaps not, but power is a dangerous thing, and we should never let people have a power because it is said that it would not be abused.

Most people are, however, much more concerned about whether the police will protect them and their property. We all of us, through rates and taxes, pay the cost of the police: what are we entitled to have? Here again we must turn to the law reports.

The case of *Glasbrook Bros. v. Glamorgan County Council* takes us back to the time of great industrial unrest. The national coal strike began on April 1, 1921. For a time, the safety men kept at work so that the pumping of the mines went on, but then they would not work because of the attitude of the miners who were on strike. The mine manager asked to have 100 police billeted on the company's property. The police superintendent said that he had some police watching and ready to give information, but that if any large body of miners appeared an ample force of police would at once be sent out. The manager insisted on a garrison and the superintendent gave way to the extent of allowing seventy policemen, but required the manager to sign a requisition form under which payment had to be made and food supplied. Police from other divisions of the county were moved in and after a little while the safety men came back on duty. The dispute ended on August 24 and the garrison was withdrawn. The charge made to the Colliery Co. was £2,200 11s. 10d. and the colliery company refused to pay. They were sued by the police authority and said in their defence that the police were there to carry out the legal duties and obligations of police, which included the prevention of riots and violence. The police, they said, were doing no more than they should do and the signed agreement to pay was made under compulsion and was invalid; they counter-claimed £1,330 4s. 0d. for the cost of housing and feeding this garrison.

The judge found in favour of the police authority on their claim, and against the colliery company on its counter-claim, and that was affirmed by the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. It is perfectly true that the police are under a legal duty to give proper protection to citizens and to their property, but it is for the chief constable of a force to decide upon the disposition of his men and the method by which the protection is to be given. The citizen cannot dictate the particular form that the protection is to take. If a chief constable has men to spare, he can lend them to give extra protection or to assist at functions and gatherings of people, and in those circumstances payment can properly be demanded, but that is simply an extra, dependent upon

whether men are available and whether the chief constable thinks that such provision should be made.

The proposition, then, is that police activities are a kind of independent command; neither the local authority nor the central government can tell police what they are to do or not to do. The individual citizen cannot lay down the way in which he is to obtain the protection which he is entitled. These powers of the police come directly from the law and they are answerable to the law through the liability to be prosecuted or sued personally if they should fail in their duty or take wrong steps to anyone's detriment.

Barrier Against Irresponsibility

It is all very well to avoid letting police be servants of the local authority or of the Government and to say that it is an independent command, but does not that mean that there is too little public control? What is there to ensure that police duties are properly performed, and that the discretion is exercised fairly and wisely? There are four things. The first is that a constable stands in much the same position as a private person and must answer to the courts if anyone challenges his actions. The second is that police forces are professional: the way in which they are at the bottom, and the higher officers come from the ranks. The third is that the constable absorbs a tradition of police behaviour and standards. A strongly held professional outlook tends to conservatism, and it may get in the way of some changes that are needed, but it is a good barrier against erratic or irresponsible behaviour.

The third point is that although police are not the servants of the police authority, either watch committee or standing joint committee, there is a measure of local control. The disciplinary power is there, and in the last resort, and subject to the Home Office, a chief constable can be dismissed. Yet as regards chief officers we shall miss the measure of local control if we think too much of power to control. The most trustworthy way of conducting public business that we have ever discovered is to combine the expert paid official with the layman, the elected person. He, the elected person, brings to bear the ordinary man's way of looking at things. The two sides, the professional and the lay, supplement each other. A watch committee or standing joint committee and the chief constable are meant to work together; it is fundamentally our method of local administration, with good sense and persuasion far outweighing the element of disciplinary control. Fourthly, we have the power and influence of the Home Office. However much we believe in police being local, we do expect a similar standard in the maintenance of law and order all over the country.—*Third Programme*

Black and White

Now out of love I lean towards
Those feelings that resemble it.
Pity and fondness fill the gap
Or almost fill it. Kindly words
Replace the stillness that we let
Surround us, lift our silence up.

But pity has too much of mind
About it, glances off the heart,
And have I any right to pity?
Walking through many streets I find
So much to tear my thoughts apart—
The loneliness within the city.

And everywhere I go I watch
Men from another country, black
Or brown or yellow and I try
To move across my pity, reach
Beyond the mind but they step back
To shadows that their skins supply.

It is that I should need to will
So hard to love that makes me fail.
My extra kindnesses but prove
I have not reached these men at all.
We strain towards each other still
But love is always moving off.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

A Response to Portugal

By V. S. PRITCHETT

PORTUGAL and Spain: chalk and cheese. I know it is rash to generalise about countries and the character of their people, but I like to have some ground to stand on, and Spain and Portugal are distinct. They are different as England and Ireland, France and the Belgium of the Walloons. The aircraft to Lisbon crosses the north-west corner of Spain. Mountain peaks stick up like olives' heads out of the tundra of cloud below, and when the clouds de, one is droning over a tawny, treeless, dried up steppe. In that near Spanish air one can trace the dried up watercourses that look like bones left after a drought.

Soon, over Portugal, all that changes. The air becomes less clear. A small haze, like tobacco smoke, appears. Mountains give place to hills; valleys are wooded; there is no geological agony. Among pines and eucalyptus, beeches and chestnuts, poplars and acacia, the olive, the oak, and the cork trees, are vineyards and small maize fields, and rice growing in the flat valleys of the rivers. In central Spain, at least, such things would be oases in a dry land; here, in most of Portugal, they are the rule. One is flying over kinder country; one comes down through the sea fume into Lisbon and lands among houses like pretty, coloured oxes covered with flowers and in languid air that has a taste to it, like some creamy *gâteau* laced by a sweet liqueur. The pungency of Spain, the powerful smell of oil or the exciting smell of wine or aniseed, have given place to the smell of flowers, coffee, and the sea.

Spain is large and lonely and dramatic in its changes of scene, and only the north touches the Atlantic. Portugal is small and crowded. It is an Atlantic strip, with rollers smoking along its shores from north to south, and the heavy moisture of the ocean in its air. There is a big sale for umbrellas against sun and heavy rain in the markets of the little towns. One thinks that Cork and Kerry have been towed southward into a sub-tropical climate. It is a country of sunsets over the sea where, if you stand at the mouth of the Tagus or further south at Cape St. Vincent, you are at the final land of Europe. As the sun goes down, the sea becomes pearly and feminine, before it becomes



Entrance to the Convent of the Templars at Tomar, Portugal



Carrying home the fishing net in Nazare, between Lisbon and Oporto

hard and black and before you feel that overpowering outward pull of Africa, the Azores, and the Americas. Their pull cannot be mistaken: they pull like an arm coming out of the sea. The rollers thump and boom to the full in the tunnels they have been making for centuries under the rocks. You stand divided in mind. For the Portuguese belongs to a country which is a garden where all flowers grow large, so that in spring the hills near Lisbon are dolled up in pink and purple and blue, and all trees are rich; and, at the same time, he is looking out into the desires, the alarms, and the decisions that the sight of the raw, fishy ocean insinuates into the mind and leaves untranslatable. There is no Mediterranean clarity, realism, and definition here: or rather, as some people say of the *fado*, the popular song of Lisbon—there is Celtic longing crossed by Latin realism. The sea brings out boldness in the character; the practical also—and then a sensation of regret. There is this habit in the Portuguese nature, and, like the Irish, they have been great producers of emigrants and exiles. They are not rancorous exiles like the Spanish, but people silenced by their own impossible dreams.

I have always thought of Spain as the necessary enemy of western Europe, the challenger, sometimes violent, more often indifferent. There is always tension. What is Portugal? There is the same African inheritance, a very similar history; down in the Algarve, in the far south, the sense of the orient is as strong as in Almeria. But Portugal is not the enemy; rather the inevitable and acquiescent friend. The Portuguese sensibility is quickly affected by the foreign and the exotic. They are sea people, and hostility to Spain has made them, historically, the allies of the maritime enemies of the old totalitarian Spain. Their

contact with France, England, and Holland has been made direct, across the sea, not by the land routes of Castile. Less violence, less fanaticism than in Spain, less drama and less emphasis.

The struggle with foreign liberalism was bloody and never settled in Spain: in Portugal compromise was reached very soon. Until Salazar came into power more than twenty-five years ago, the convents had been closed in Portugal since the eighteen-thirties or thereabouts, and even now one would say that Portuguese Catholicism is a mild, homely, and pretty faith, not a belligerent one. Some Spaniards—Señor Madariaga is one of them—go to the length of saying that Portugal has made itself the slave of England and France and that unity with Spain would have made the Portuguese less provincial and richer in spirit. This subject often came up when I was in Portugal last October because I cannot speak much Portuguese and I was obliged to speak Spanish, which the Portuguese are polite about but would prefer on the whole not to hear. 'From Spain', they said, quoting the proverb, 'no good wind blows'. And they would say, after apologising for the smallness of Portugal: 'In Spain, it's *Hombre* this and *Hombre* that, fantasy, up-in-the-air dramatics, excitement—pouff, and it's all over and then what?—nothing. The Spaniards are always running after distraction. We don't take them seriously—we have to work'.

The Portuguese do not in the least accept the Spaniard as a tragic character; they are baffled when the Italians call the Spaniards gloomy. Great ironists, they say, but not tragic. For them the Spaniards are a frivolous race. The Portuguese are the tragic race. The great Portuguese discoverers of the sixteenth century were tragic: India, tropical Africa, and Malacca drained off tens of thousands in sickness, desertion, inter-marriage, racial loss and so on. I would have said the Portuguese are serious, industrious, patient, and efficient, but overriding this there is

something artless and almost childlike. Some people call them the Flemish of southern Europe—which suggests simple domesticity, a good deal of simple sentiment, and also the practical touch. One has only to compare the handsome new suburbs of Lisbon with those of Madrid, to see that, in Portugal, buildings are completed, plans are carried out, there are no extravagances that do not come off. There is no megalomania in the buildings; indeed, the modern quarters of Lisbon have domesticated the austere glass and steel cubes and cylinders of modern architecture. Though they are proud of this efficiency and of their acquiescence in foreign things, the Portuguese have no bombast; on the contrary, they are almost apologetic, or rather anxious to know how one finds it all. They have the fundamental Iberian pride, but it is washed over with delicate enquiry, with sensibility, with smiles, with an anxiety for the consideration of fine points. The formal Spanish request for a service is imperative: 'Have the goodness to do so and so'. The Portuguese have no imperative: 'Would you have the goodness (or delicacy) to do so and so?' They seem to enjoy the mystery of their own sensitiveness and simplicity.

What I have been saying is a string of generalisations. Can we put them into concrete instances? I think we can. There is one obvious one: the difference between the Spanish and Portuguese bull fight. The Spanish bull fight is a powerful spectacle which arouses violent feeling. It enacts a ritual. There is a hierarchy of great bull-fighters and there is a huge popular following. In Portugal this is not so. Here the finely bred horse dominates the show. The bull is nowhere. He has not even the tragic importance of a public death. No death in the afternoon for him; he is left harmlessly alive. And he is somewhat of a clown, as

he trots out at the end of his turn to the sound of the cow-bells of the herd who are driven in to calm him down. He has been made a fool of and we are ashamed for him. What we have been thrilled by is the superb horsemanship of a gay and chivalrous tournament: Beauty has been triumphing over the Beast, Elegance over Brutality. And there is a touch of something else in the Portuguese bull fight—a whiff of the rough and tumble of the prairies up the Tagus, where the herds of bulls graze in the summery Portuguese light; for at the end of the fight, the herdsmen come filing in and their leader takes the charge of the bull and jumps on to his head and attempts, almost like a wrestler, to get him down. It is rough sport. There is no sport at all in the Spanish fights. One leaves the Portuguese fights laughing, delighted by skill and emotionally untouched. I have been told, and can easily believe that the Portuguese have a great taste for rough practical jokes.

Then, popular singing: there is the difference between *cante flamenco* and the *fado* of Lisbon. In Spain *cante rondo* and *cante flamenco* have their Hindu wail, that African tearing of the throat-strings. Resonant with a sensation of physical pain, very often grossly exaggerated, the words coming out dry and hard as if the singer had flints in his mouth.



Prelude to a Portuguese bull fight: parade in the ring of the fighters and horses

A little gypsy girl can make a noise like a bawling stevedore and without a sign of emotion on her face. In Lisbon, on the contrary, the *fado* may skirted out occasionally but it is generally a soft melting, animated, mood song, and if there is a touch of Africa in it, it is the Africa of the Negro, not the Africa of the Arab. The Portuguese language with its diphthongs and its difficult nasal 's' and 'i', its shaded 's' that 'zh, zh, zh' sound—and its blunting of words running together of words allows effects which Negro singers also get in English. If the singer howls, it is that noise which lies between the caterwaul of the gutter and the royal naught cry of the peacocks in the gardens of Cintra, like the king's mistress making

scene about her diamonds. But the *fado* generally moans, it has unctuous even croons, it hurls, it insinuates, to the lilting, rising and falling rhythm of drums, perhaps, or of the slow rollers of the sea. It is a song of the sentiments, of heartbreakings, partings, memory, with sobs and sudden changes to gaiety. The singer commonly is displaying his sufferings, his losses, his sadness, but they are really light; or, rather, as said before, the Celtic dreaminess is checked by Latin realism. It is indeed to hear the word 'sentimental' used with fervour in the Iberian peninsula, and just as Spanish *cante flamenco* easily runs into loud and vulgar melodrama, the Lisbon *fado* can easily slip into the clichés of the song-hits of musical comedy.

Portugal is a pretty country, picturesque and gracious to look at rather than dramatic, magnificent, or austere. There is little of the loneliness and monotony of lost grandeur that we see in Spain. The ruinous aspect of the small Spanish towns is not here at all (except, I am told, in Tros or Montes, where I have never been), nor is there the same air of that frightening spectral poverty one meets in parts of Spain. One does not meet that perpetual Spanish character—the ruined man, carrying his ruin like an important possession. I travelled in the Minho, also between Lisbon and Oporto, and later in the Alentejo, and saw no villages crumbling away into the soil or the rock, no churches falling to pieces and eaten by time or the weather. Here everything was clean, painted, complete, the churches like little baroque dolls' houses, the village houses framed in grey and granite to the north and with bold, stark blue splashes of colour in the south.

In one way, this neatness conceals a vice: the Portuguese are the world's fanatical restorers of old buildings. Castles are rebuilt, churches

tered, convents reconditioned: goodness knows what will happen to the town of Evora, for example, now they have unearthed the old Moorish gate. Something pleasant will be pulled down, just as they are knocking the old upper part of the town of Coimbra to bits in order to put up something like the university buildings in Gower Street in its place. Goodness knows what painting has been scrubbed out in order to get at older painting underneath. The experts say that the present passion for restoration is destroying as fast as the English church restorers did in the nineteenth century. One dreads what may happen, for example, at wonderful places like Tomar, the convent of the Templars; for again, unlike the Spaniards, the Portuguese do finish what they begin. They are terribly thorough.

Air of Nicety and Decorum

Another Portuguese liking is the air of nicety and decorum. In the Alentejo, the vines are trellised over the countryside for tens of miles and even trained to the poplars and the acacias; the wool is put out neatly to dry; the women spin it in their gardens. Busily the white sails of the windmills, set in family groups of four or six at a time, on the hilltops, spin round and grind the corn. A good deal of peasant costume survives: the sheepskin jackets of the Alentejo shepherd, the padded trousers of the horseman, the black or the green stocking hat, and the coloured head-scarves of the women. There is always someone carrying a guitar or a crook. There are stacks of pottery, coloured baskets, and umbrellas at the fairs. The peasant culture is still strong, although the motor-buses are now breaking up the isolation which gave it its strength.

The women are the carriers of the country. Along the roads in the evenings they walk back from the rivers with baskets of washing on their heads, a girl with a pumpkin on her head leaves the train, strong old ladies put their luggage aloft on their silver hair. Brushwood, water-jars, great trays of fish are borne along in the same way. There was a woman at Viana do Castelo one hot morning, with scarred, strong, bare feet, walking with a tray of fish on her head up the street and at the same time haranguing what I suppose must have been her husband and spreading both arms and fingers wide in her temper. The arms flew out, the tray of fish swung round with her like an appalling headdress in perfect control. It was quite terrifying. In that street in Oporto where all the ironmongers are, I saw men loading an enormous glass door on the heads of two girls. This labour is good for the carriage, and at the exquisite little town of Tomar there is an unusual procession to placate and celebrate the head-carriers. The women march up the street with tall head-dresses of flowers on their heads, but under the flowers are new loaves of bread skewered together into a pyramid by cords.

Prettiness, sedateness, the decorative, these are Portuguese, and though the gothic and the romanesque have an important place in their architecture, the baroque and the rococo seem to us nowadays the characteristic expression. Those villas like wedding cakes at Cintra, the ludicrous German castle there, the absurd Moorish Roccio station in Lisbon, the wild hoop of the bridge at Oporto designed by the man who built the Eiffel Tower, the great marble barn of Mafra, built to outbid the Escorial, are the aberrations of taste for fantasy which is at its best in the earlier rococo art. The coral of the Indies, the leaves and birds of the tropical forests of Brazil delighted the Portuguese, and the wealth of these countries roused in an austere people a new taste for the luxuriant. The vines of the Minho ramble on their trellises among the trees, the bougainvillea tumbles off the gazebo; and so, too, over the gold-leaf of the barley sugar columns in the churches, climb golden vines, with golden grapes suspended, and cherubs like pink rosebuds peep in and out of the stems. At San Francisco in Oporto, one has the impression of walking not in a church but in the dusty glades of a tropical and golden wood, where gold flowers and golden liana trail about, and golden birds are caught in flight, as if Midas had just passed that way and put his dead, rich touch on the extravagant scene. The blue tiles of the church walls, the cabinet work of rare woods, the inlaying of marbles with porphyry, lapis lazuli, and alabaster, set off this heavy gilding; every chapel is a little drawing room, and the plated altars with their cases of relics are like stalls at some fantastic bazaar.

To ourselves this may be excess, or simply one of the orgies of a curious phase of European art to which the Portuguese have added their exotic and artless absurdities from India and the New World; and now, indeed, many of those churches are like dusty dolls' houses in old museums. These places are so close, so inert, so still when we

go into them, and we find it hard to adjust ourselves to such an over-dressed, over-furnished and torpid religion. What we forget is why it is over-furnished. All that wealth was brought back in shiploads, at the cost of thousands of cases of cholera, scurvy, yellow fever, from the Indies and Brazil; it was brought back on an astounding impulse of national energy, movement, skill, courage. What now looks inert, dead, choked up, and decadent, was once new, active, joyous, exuberant, and glorifying. Action, risk, feeling, and delight are really throbbing in those antique extravagances; the Portuguese took, with both hands, innocently, the foreign thing and the foreign theme. We are really looking at an appetite, sometimes gluttonous; but in some places, in the chapel or library at Coimbra, for example, at something also royal, sensual, flowing, and splendid. The critics tell us this is simply a phase of the history of art and not specially Portuguese, except in the passion for detail and exotic absurdity. But I think we can say that if the navigators had not gone into the New World, the Portuguese would still have gone on making their beautiful blue tiles which the Moors taught them to make, they would have played with their marble, they would have painted those expectant faces on their sculpture, so that, at the altars, the costumed angels seem on the point of turning towards one, like lovely women at a court, and they would have gone on building the cosmos, the rose, the carnation, or the iris into a pyramid of flowers by the altar among the candles.

It is a more lyrical world than any region of Spain is; spiritually more sensuous, languid, and lacking grandeur. But we cannot imagine the Portuguese shouting, shall we say, 'Long live death!'; as the Spaniards did in the civil war. One cannot imagine a death cult. That, as the Portuguese say, would probably not be serious.—*Third Programme*

Choice before South-east Asia

(continued from page 646)

increase of perhaps 12,000,000 people can continue for long without catastrophe. If China is driven to seek a solution by obtaining more *Lebensraum*—which would certainly not be without precedent in her history—it seems only too clear that the states of south-east Asia, small, weak, divided, and still far from overcrowded, will offer the most tempting prospects. For besides being the only contiguous area in which no clash of interest with the Soviet Union is involved, this is also an area over which at least shadowy historical claims can be put forward and, more important, in which an advance guard of some 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 Chinese, many in key positions, is already in being. That is not to say that any sudden military invasion is likely—I do not believe that it is. But, given the present internal policies of the Peking regime, I do believe that the long-term threat to south-east Asia posed by the sheer disparity in numbers and pressure of population is exceedingly grave.

In short, it seems that the age-old problem of demographic pressure from the north is once more coming to the fore in south-east Asia. And against this the equally traditional cultural and moral leadership of India, which today takes the rather negative form of non-alignment, seems a far from adequate protection: which explains why the Western Powers have become increasingly anxious of late to build up a more effective defence system in the region.

Admittedly, there are increasing signs that some former differences between the British and the Americans are being reconciled, signs such as the admission of Japan as a donor member to the Colombo Plan, and the establishment of Seato last year. But Seato is still far from representative of south-east Asia as a whole, and the attractions of non-alignment, based partly on anti-colonialism and partly on reluctance to spend limited resources in economically unproductive ways, are understandably strong.

Yet some such choice must be made, for today, no less than in the past, south-east Asia cannot stand on its own feet without some form of external support. Both Japan and China are regarded with considerable, though often concealed, suspicion, and only India, which gives no indication of seeking to follow an expansionist policy, is generally trusted. But even here the situation is not free from danger. For if the peoples of south-east Asia choose to follow India's policy of non-alignment, it seems to me that they may thereby increase the risk of becoming forcibly aligned against their wishes in a resuscitated Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, even though this may well be under new management.—*Third Programme*

A Failed Masterpiece

L. P. HARTLEY reviews 'The Mint' by T. E. Lawrence*

THE name of Colonel Lawrence has always meant different things to different people, and now, after the appearance of Mr. Richard Aldington's 'biographical inquiry', it is more than ever controversial. One begins to wonder whether a man whose life and character are capable of such diverse and contradictory interpretations can ever have existed in the flesh. But he did—I can testify to that—for I once met him.

It was at All Souls College, where in the autumn of 1919 he had been elected a Research Fellow. It was about this time that he leaped into fame, but I had hardly heard of him when I met him, so I talked to him as to an ordinary man, not as a celebrity. I remember he was wearing a blue suit, while everyone else was wearing a dinner jacket, and that he was small and slight and fair and girlish-looking. His manner was extraordinarily quiet and gentle. We talked—at least he talked, for I had nothing to contribute to the conversation—about coding and decoding, a subject which had no special interest for me, and yet he made it fascinating, and I was aware of a compelling magnetism in him, which grew on me as we talked. It was slightly but not disturbingly hypnotic, and its seat was in his eyes, which were dark blue and very large. No other person I have met has had the same effect on me.

Day-to-Day Record

After this small contribution to the Lawrence legend, I must proceed to discussing *The Mint*. The author's name is given as 352087 A/C Ross, which was Lawrence's alias when in 1922 he joined the ranks of the Air Force. He kept a day-to-day record of his experiences in the depot at Uxbridge where the recruits were being licked into shape, and this book is the fruit of them. Lawrence refused to have it published before 1950, out of respect for the feelings of the people concerned. The painful initiation came to an end early in 1923, when Lawrence's identity was discovered and he was discharged from the Air Force. After a period of service in the Tank Corps, he was allowed to re-enter the Air Force two and a half years later, this time using the name of Shaw. The last section of the book describes his impressions of the R.A.F., on his return to it at Cranwell. The difference between the two was the difference between Hell and Heaven.

Why did Lawrence leave the shelter of All Souls, one of the most desirable residences on earth, for the arduous and endurances of the R.A.F. depot? Various reasons have been given: Lawrence himself gave various reasons. It seems to be admitted by both his friends and his foes that he was not a particularly truthful man. In these days truthfulness is not regarded as the virtue that it once was, and you will hear people say that men of strongly imaginative bent, such as Lawrence was, are seldom truthful. They dramatise themselves. Lawrence's friends are content with saying that he was truthful about essentials; his critics, of whom his recent biographer, Mr. Richard Aldington, is among the foremost, speak more harshly.

Some people find untruthfulness amusing, personally I find it boring, and if I cannot believe what somebody is telling me I would rather not listen. We all have to tell lies sometimes, but a man who lies for the fun of it or to get himself admired for feats he never performed seems to me a poor sort of creature. We enjoy Baron Münchhausen because we know he is lying; but we should not if we believed him and later found out that he had been taking us in and making fools of us. Happily with most of us it does not really matter to the world whether we are telling the truth or not; but with Lawrence it does, because he was for a time a figure of world importance or at any rate of world interest. And it matters especially in *The Mint* because the book is an attack on conditions in the Royal Air Force as it then was, and we want to know whether the attack was justified.

Why, then, did Lawrence join up? It is a mystery. He seemed to have the world at his feet. Statesmen and generals consulted him, and if he made extravagant claims for himself, extravagant claims were also made for him. He was a popular idol, unquestionably the most romantic figure to emerge from the first world war. Yet he deliberately

threw all this up, and under an assumed name joined the ranks of R.A.F. as a recruit. In a prefatory note his brother says that the v and the effort of writing and re-writing *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* left him so nervously exhausted that he could take only negative decisions without intolerable effort: 'Life in the ranks, where a decision would never be required, therefore seemed the right solution though to a man in such a state the rigours were bound to be magnified. But there are other explanations. One used to be that he did it as a protest against the British Government who had, in his opinion, let the Arabs down. If so, he makes no mention of it in *The Mint*. Another account (his own) says that he was broke, and it seems to be true that his financial position was very bad; he had made quixotically generous gifts to friends, and his Fellowship at All Souls was only worth £20 a year. But, surely, in his position he could have obtained a better paid job? Other reasons given suggest a neurotic desire for self-degradation: he was expiating something. His enlistment in the R.A.F., has even been compared to the Forty Days that Christ spent in the wilderness.

In *The Mint* he tells how a Flight Sergeant had asked him why he was in the R.A.F.:

I explained that I'd overdone the imaginative life as expressed in study, and needed to lie fallow awhile in the open air. That meant earning a living by my hands, as I had no resources, and my scholarly hands weren't worth a meal at any trade. So I had enlisted. I spared him my urge downwards, in pursuit of the safety which can't be found further; and the necessary compulsion to re-learn poverty, which comes hard after some years of using money. I reckon I've got my wish so far as being bottom-dog and poor is concerned: but perhaps few doctors would have prescribed Hardy or Sergeant Poulton as a cure for nerves.

Hardy and Sergeant Poulton were two of the N.C.O.s from whom attentions on the barrack-square Lawrence suffered most. On the jacket of *The Mint* it says that the book is not self-pitying. To me the Uxbridge sections seem one long wail of self-pity—a self-pity that is not always stated is continually implied. One feels sorry for him, of course: he was thirty-four, and a sensitive plant; the other men were for the most part many years younger and much less sensitive to material hardships. When it came to P.T. and such-like exercises, he was inevitably at a great disadvantage. But he had himself been in the Army, as an officer, for many years: he knew what conditions in the Services were like, and yet for reasons of his own he deliberately chose to live among them. He was not a conscript: no one asked him to join up: indeed, many people must have done their utmost to dissuade him. He brought it on himself, but when it came to the point he could not take it—at least, not without making a great fuss. If he entered the R.A.F. to spy on its proceedings and afterwards make them public, then one's sympathies with him would be less than ever: but there is every evidence that he did not.

Nuns fret not at the convent's narrow room: the discipline which enables a soldier to endure the terrors of war is no doubt partly the outcome of being shouted at and bullied by N.C.O.s. Lawrence may have been right that such rigours need not form part of an airman's training; indeed, that is one of his main grievances; but in general his criticism of service conditions is really a criticism of war itself.

Fear of 'Animal Spirits'

When he says, as he does twice in the course of a short book: 'I think I fear animal spirits more than anything else in the world', one feels inclined to answer, 'Then why did you choose to live in a society of exuberant young men?'

In the end he seems to have been sorry to leave the depot.

The gain of it is [he writes] that I shall never be afraid of men again. For I have learned solidarity with them here. Not that we are very alike, or will be. I joined in high hopes of sharing their tasks and manners of life: but my nature persists in seeing all things in the mirror of itself, and not with a direct eye. So I shall never be quite happy, with the happiness of these fellows, who find their nectar of life, and its elixir, in the deep stirring of some seminal gland.

* Mr. E. M. Forster's talk on *The Mint* appeared in *THE LISTENER* of February 17

et when he gets to the Cadet College at Cranwell he suggests that the solidarity he had achieved in the depot was of little value:

When I passed from depot to Cadet College I passed from appearance to reality. After two days I was saying I had found a home. At depot we had soldiered so long and so harshly that soldiering had become second nature: sterility quickly beds down into habit, by use. Now at Cadet College I was to learn to be an airman, by unlearning that corporate effort which had been the sole spirituality of the square.

Is *The Mint* a masterpiece, as the ambiguous dedication suggests that Lawrence thought it might be? He was one of the most conscientious and self-conscious craftsmen; nothing less than a masterpiece would satisfy him. Of *The Mint* he says, 'I wrote it tightly because our clothes are so tight and our lives are so tight in the service'. To my mind it is too tightly written, too condensed; polishing is a great feature of military life, and it has been overpolished. Consequently, neither the pressure nor the tempo varies; the same pitch of intensity is maintained throughout; the trivial and the important receive equal emphasis; the prose is too well drilled. One longs for a casual, limping sentence that would relax the tension. On the other hand, there is something to admire in almost every paragraph, some feat of compressed expression or some striking thought. One cannot say that the book is very enjoyable or that it is very readable, except in small doses, but it is continuously impressive. Even the spaces left blank for the obscenities with which servicemen eke out their meagre vocabularies form part of the pattern; they are as studied as the rest.

Egocentric as it is, *The Mint* is not lacking in humanity or even in humour. The sketches of Lawrence's companions in the depot are brilliantly drawn, and often drawn with affection. Lawrence was capable

of both objectivity and feeling, though not of losing himself in what he saw and felt. That was impossible to him, for he was always in search of himself. It is both his strength and his limitation as a writer, but he was well aware of it. He could never have said with the Indian sage, 'It is Thee I seek from fountain to fountain', for it was always himself he sought. I think one would call the book a failed masterpiece, but the failure is grander than many successes.

And Lawrence himself? What light does *The Mint* throw on him? How does he come out of it? How does one feel towards him? Inevitably, I think, as one feels towards the man with a grievance, the man with a chip on his shoulder. A writer can get only a small part of himself across in a book: the Lawrence I remember, who talked so compellingly to an unknown undergraduate, is absent from it. The magnetism does not work. The mystery, which his personality undoubtedly held in such rich measure, the flower that was in him, he crushes in the iron hold of his too well turned out prose. It is an ironical commentary on someone who chafed so bitterly at spit and polish that those should be the very qualities that prevent his prose from being as good as he wanted it to be.

His trouble was that he was far too complex a human being to be single-minded about anything. Even in the matter of cruelty his attitude is self-contradictory. He inveighs against the bullying N.C.O.s, but he observes of the barrack-room scraps his companions had among themselves (and in which he joined): 'There's hardly a night without its mirthful accident of bloodletting'. He complains bitterly of the punishments meted out to the recruits, but he also says, 'Men will never work for long, unpunished'. One feels he was perversely determined to play the Spartan Boy.—*West of England Home Service*

'The Ugly Duckling'

LADY SOUTHORN on Hans Christian Andersen

ONCE upon a time', a century and a half ago, that weaver of immortal fairy stories, Hans Christian Andersen, was born in the one-roomed house of a poor cobbler in the little Danish town of Odense. It is possible that I have a specially warm corner of my heart for Hans Andersen and his stories because in my youth I knew people who had been his close friends. Moreover, I have lived among the scenes in the Danish towns and countryside which he described so vividly. For it was my good fortune to spend many months on many occasions with an aunt who married a Dane. Her husband was a relative of the Melchior family, and it was at the country house of Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Melchior that Andersen spent the last summers of his life. The house was called *Rolighed* ('Quietude'). Moritz Melchior was a leading merchant in Copenhagen and a man of outstanding character and ability. Mrs. Moritz Melchior was not only a very beautiful woman but she also possessed great charm, intelligence, and tact. Her influence on Andersen would have been of the utmost value to him had it come earlier in his life, for even in his last years she helped to curb those eccentricities which evoked so much criticism and caused him so much pain. As it was, he basked in the warm friendliness of *Rolighed* and of the Melchiors' town house, both of which he called his 'home in a home'.

It was on later visits to Denmark that I heard much about Andersen from the two daughters of the Moritz Melchiors—Harriet and Louise. They were attractive, middle-aged women by then, and their youth was of course closely linked with Andersen's old age. It was an enchanted spot that I heard about Hans Andersen from Harriet and Louise Melchior.

The two sisters had acquired a house perched on a little hill. From the broad verandah you looked out on lawns and roses and blossoming syringa hedges and a little rustling beech wood to the sparkling blue waters of the Sound. There we sat on many a summer afternoon and evening. The two sisters often spoke of the ungenerous attitude of so many people, especially his fellow countrymen, towards Andersen's

peculiarities and foibles. 'It would have been better', said Harriet, 'to dwell upon the appalling difficulties of his youth and the astounding way in which he attained success. He called his stories "Wonder Stories", but his own life was the most amazing "Wonder Story" of all'.

It is given to few to be born in such depressing circumstances as Andersen. When his father married at the age of twenty-one and took his bride to their one-roomed cottage, he was so poor that he had made the bedstead on which his son was subsequently born from the trestles on which the coffin of a Danish nobleman had lain a short time before. The dreamy child became a fantastic figure—the butt of the ordinary villager. Yet he won through to world-wide fame; and the gawky boy, who set out with thirteen rix-dollars to walk to Copenhagen and seek his fortune, was eventually sought after by the great and talented of many lands. But the hardships and rebuffs he suffered in his youth left their permanent mark and gave him a feeling of inferiority. This, unfortunately, he tried to conceal by means which gave his enemies a chance to enlarge on his vanity and touchiness.

'Yes', said Louise, 'as everyone knows, he told his life story in "The Ugly Duckling", and I remember that this self-consciousness about his homely and peculiar looks showed



Hans Andersen in 1859: a reproduction of this sketch by Henrik Olrik appears in the exhibition now at the National Book League, London, commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Hans Andersen's birth.

itself in strange ways. When any plain visitors came to our house Andersen feared they might be neglected. This was a complete delusion. But Andersen would always single them out at once for his special attention and frequently pick a bunch of flowers for them'.

'You can imagine', said Harriet, 'that when this peculiarity of his became well-known, people were seized with nervous apprehension when Andersen came towards them with a bouquet'.

'He was in so many ways very simple and childlike', said Louise. 'This was shown by an incident concerning my mother, which she always told with great relish. During the first summer he spent with us at *Rolighed* the Queen of Denmark invited him to visit her. When he arrived she asked him where he was living. "With Mr. Melchior, Your Majesty", replied Andersen.

"Is that the Mr. Moritz Melchior who has such a beautiful wife?" said the Queen.

"Beautiful?" said Andersen, "I don't know if she is beautiful. She is so good and kind to me that I have never thought about her looks".

'When Andersen came back to *Rolighed* he found my mother sitting in the garden. He went up to her and looked at her intently. "It is true", he said at last. "You are extremely good-looking and I have never noticed it".'

Apt Reply to King Frederic

Andersen was popular with many of the Danish Royal family and one of my hostesses recorded Andersen's apt reply which greatly pleased Frederic VII on the first occasion that he entertained the writer to dinner. At the end of the meal the King toasted Andersen, as is the Scandinavian custom. Andersen did not care for wine, so he poured water into his glass, acknowledged the compliment, and toasted the King. 'You should not drink to your King in water', said the King.

'Ah, but when I drink to my King, water becomes wine', replied Andersen.

Harriet Melchior told me that Andersen set great store by having his health drunk not only by royalties but by his less-exalted friends. When the Melchior family moved into Copenhagen for the winter, Andersen went into his lodgings down by the harbour, and every day of the week he dined with a different family—on an appointed day for each. Thursday was the Melchior's day, and Mr. Melchior was careful to propose the guest's health with due ceremony. The amusing thing was that when Andersen returned thanks he always professed the greatest surprise at the honour shown him.

He was often petulant and difficult but he repented at once and sought to make amends for any ill-temper. The fact was that Andersen was a Peter Pan—he never grew up. Like many a genius he could not fit into the ordered pattern of life, but he had the rare gift of attaching a vast number of people to him—people who looked below the surface. He travelled far and wide and had correspondents all over the world. Even in the summer at the Melchior's he spent a great part of his days writing letters. He had no gift for languages, and to the end possessed only a smattering of English, French, and German. He wrote his letters in Danish, had them translated into the language of his correspondents and then copied them. Harriet Melchior gave me a letter of Andersen's. It was one of my most treasured possessions, but the faded lines in the crabbed handwriting were burnt up in the 1940 blitz with many other things. Fortunately I had transcribed the letter. It is written to an American friend—Andersen was offered large sums of money if he would cross the Atlantic and read his stories. He was assured that he would have as great a success as Dickens, but he was old and frail when the offer came, and he did not feel he could undertake the strenuous journey and tour. Mr. Marcus Spring, to whom the letter was addressed, had shown great kindness to a friend of Andersen's. Andersen's translator was not word-perfect in the English language, as will be seen from the letter, which is dated March 24, 1868. It runs:

My dear Sir! Excellent friend!

You and your noble lady have not forgotten me—I am sure of that—and as one of my friends Mr. Melchior, whose lovely family I visit nearly every day, is starting for New York, I can't omit to send you and yours my warmest compliments. I have been travelling every year in France, in Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal to refresh my mind; thus refreshed, return home, bringing with me new tales and stories that fly all over the world. God has been so good to me that I am obliged to put the question to myself: What have I done to deserve all the good that befalls me? You will no doubt have read in *The New York Times* some months ago how beautiful my native town of Odense has honoured me,

by electing me to citizen of honour in the town. Sending my kindest regards to you, to your lady and to everyone who has room in the heart for me,

I remain, Yours for ever

Hans Christian Andersen

The remarkable demonstrations that marked the bestowal of the freedom of his native town on Andersen were the crowning point of his life, and set the seal on the 'Wonder Story' of the poor, despised boy who set out to seek his fortune and was eventually welcomed back as a conquering hero. Throughout the letter there breathes the most endearing side of Andersen's character—his gratitude for good fortune and his loyalty to his friends.

Among the guests at Harriet and Louise's house there were often those who had known and loved the writer and knew I was anxious to hear about him. I remember that on the last evening I spent with them there was one who had seen him the day before he died. She had taken her little daughter to visit him—she was one of the children for whom he wrote and illustrated a book of their imaginary travels and to whom he read his stories. Andersen kissed the child and said, 'I have often read my stories to you—do tell them to your daughter if you have one in the years to come'.

Andersen had many child friends and on that evening I met 'Marie' who in her youth had been a special favourite of his. She told of the delightful hours that she and her little friends had spent with the old man. 'He told us new stories and read his old ones to us', said Marie. 'He cut out those wonderful paper silhouettes which were the amazement of all who saw his large, clumsy hands'.

'Do you remember', said Louise, 'how delighted he was when Marie watched him cut out a paper silhouette one day and then said gravely: "Now I have seen how you make paper pictures—please show me how you make your fairy stories"?'.

'He wrote delightful letters', said Marie. 'I brought a quotation for you to see, and keep if you like. The letter was written to my mother. It says:

"Thanks for love from sweet little Marie, whom I long for: tell her that every little bird that is flying in the garden has been sent by me to say "peep peep" with love from me'.

The passing of Hans Andersen left the earth so much poorer for the loss of many gracious and tender fancies that still lingered in his busy brain.

We left the flower-wreathed verandah and went into the house. The lamp was lighted on the dinner-table and the soft yellow light mingled with the blue daylight that lay behind the open doors. The room was full of red roses, and one half-expected 'Little Ida's Flowers' to materialise and come dancing in at the windows, as in Andersen's own story.

First Love

'Anna', said Louise Melchior to one of her young relatives, 'dancing "Two Brown Eyes" to us'. Anna and her sister Ida moved to the piano, and Anna sang Grieg's setting of the verses which Andersen wrote to Riborg Voigt, the beloved of his youth, who never could be his. She was his first love. But she was engaged to another man, Poul Boving. Andersen wanted her to break off her engagement and marry him, but in vain. She married her Poul and lived happily ever after as the fairy stories say. Andersen never married, though he lost his heart many times during his life. It would appear that no one ever filled Riborg's place in his affections. In the Andersen Museum at Odense there is a little leather bag which was found on his breast after his death. A note by Edvard Collin, the son of Andersen's lifelong friend and benefactor, records that 'the bag contained a long letter from the love of his youth, Riborg Voigt'. Collin adds: 'I burnt the letter without reading it'.

Before I left, Harriet gave me a photograph of Andersen. The features of the writer had acquired a rugged charm in old age. 'We never thought of him as an ugly duckling', said Harriet.

Louise went to the book-case and took down the immortal fairy tales. 'I often think of the struggles and disappointments and despair which he describes so vividly in his autobiography', she said, 'but I feel that Andersen, as we knew him in our youth, is the "happy ending" of a story. Listen to this:

'It does not matter in the least having been born in a duckyard if you have come out of a swan's egg. I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was "The Ugly Duckling".'

—Home Service

You and Your Neighbour

Loving Others for God's Sake

The last of four talks by Canon V. A. DEMANT

YOU all know the difference between those who let you see it is their duty to think of you and those for whom it has become a second nature. In this last talk I would like to show you how some men and women, who have become well-known teachers of the Christian life, have found the way to spontaneous love for others through their union with God. It is what some of them call loving creatures for God's sake. My Neighbour, in all the forms we have considered, is a fellow creature of mine. To see him as a 'neighbour' in the Christian sense is to see him with a second sight given by our life in God. It follows that the more we know of God the more we learn to see as He sees, and the better we discern the neighbour in others.

Dame Julian of Norwich

The first point is simple—the disposition which regards the neighbour as a fellow creature loves him as created and loved by God. This has nothing to do with his quality; only with his being the object of God's regard. It is a temper we carry round with us, and not a good mood that comes and goes with our reactions. Dame Julian of Norwich had caught the temper when she wrote in her *Revelations of Divine Love*: 'God hath made all that is made—and he that loveth generally all his even Christians for God, he loveth all that is'. That old phrase 'even Christian' means equals—and at this level all creatures are equal. Dame Julian has also that curious sentence, 'I saw God in a point', using as she does an older image of the centre of a circle equally near everything on the circumference. She is trying to convey that as Christians in a measure see as God sees, all men are equally near in love.

The next point is the beginning of a long story. In order to reflect God's love, we have to learn a sharp lesson, and the great teachers of the inner life have talked a great deal about it. It is this. Our love for God Himself must grow out of the infantile religion in which we love him for His benefits to us—what are sometimes called the consolations of religion—and learn to love Him by faith and trust and obedience just when He withdraws all feelings of devotion from us. He seems to have gone into a far country. Our feelings are dead, our thoughts without savour, and our wills have no support. A mature religion comes only when our faith has survived through those patches of desolation where we are deprived of a sense of His presence. We can survive spiritually those patches if we rely on the only thing left to us, what another writer calls 'a naked intent', that is to say a simple intention to offer ourselves—while we are grovelling without light and warmth. We are getting nothing in return; God seems to have hidden His face. But that is His way of weaning us from self-centred religion in order to make us capable of disinterested love. If you will look at that well-known book, *The Imitation of Christ*, you will find in Book two, chapters nine to eleven, what it is to know the hand of God at work in our life even when we cannot see His face or feel His presence.

Is it so great to smile and be devout when God's touch comes to you? This is an hour beloved of all. . . . But it is a very grand thing so to love that we can do without comfort either from earth or heaven, and to be willing for God's honour to bear up against this exile of the heart. . . . Never did I meet with men so pious so devout who, now and then, had not some lessening of God's kindness. . . . This is nothing new nor strange to those who know God's way.

The Dark Night of the Soul

What this writer calls 'the exile of the heart' others call the dark night; it is the state which calls upon us to give ourselves up to God when we have been relying on the sensation of His presence which is now taken away. In other words, God draws people to Himself at this stage, precisely by putting a stop to their own fond ways of meeting Him, so that they may learn to know Him not by grasping, but by the 'naked intent unto God'—a simple, sincere, chastened direction of our inmost selves, stripped of all the familiar satisfactions. And that is an act of pure love; it asks for no return. And when this has happened

there begins to grow a deeper union than one has ever known through what is called religious experience.

Our natural loves move out to things and persons because they fill up some lack in our life—that is true of the child's love of cream buns, the love of men and women, people's love of fame or wealth or science or art—even love of religion, until it is disinfected of egoism by the rough treatment I have described. In all these cases there is a quality in the object loved that compels our nature to possess it. Such a love is not free; it is drawn to its object as surely as the stone by gravity. In contrast to this is the divine love which is moved only by the quality of the loving subject, not by the attractiveness of the object sought. That is the nature of God's love for man, given 'while we were yet sinners'. It is conferred not on the lovable but on the unlovable and may make it lovable. That love of God for man is disinterested; it is free, for God needs not that man should love Him in return.

That is why sanctified people, as they have lived near to God, have been able to approach their fellow creatures without wanting, to love without grasping, to give without expecting. One of the great examples of it was St. Francis of Assisi—so popular even outside the circle of Christian believers. And yet that popularity is largely based on a misunderstanding. People feel a sympathy for one who deserted houses and cities for the open road and the sun and the air; and they admire the courage to own nothing. Especially they are attracted by St. Francis' love of his fellow creatures; then they wrongly regard him as a nature lover or an emancipated soul who escaped from an ecclesiastical strait-jacket. What is more monstrous still is to put him down with those undeveloped misfits who say 'the more I see of men the more I like dogs'.

St. Francis' Courtesy

But this is all wrong. St. Francis did not find God in his fellow beings: he loved and respected them all as creatures and servants of God. Therefore he met his fellow creatures with that love and courtesy which is so appealing—the birds, the animals—but also the leper and the fire that was to cauterise his eyes—and sister death-of-the-body. And the secret? It is just that he could love disinterestedly and courteously because he wanted nothing; he had overcome the hold men and things had upon him. And this was such a spiritual revolution in him, and such a close union with the suffering Christ, that Francis carried about in his own hands and feet the scars of the crucifixion. I have mentioned St. Francis of Assisi because his was a supernatural love which returned by way of God to his neighbourly creatures.

While we are still thinking of our neighbour as a fellow creature, let me tell you what St. John of the Cross said in his work, *The Living Flame*. It is the same message of love of others for God's sake, but rather more philosophical than St. Francis:

The soul is now able to see that created things are distinct from God in as much as they have a created being, and it sees them in Him, with their force root and strength; and it knows equally that God in His own being is all these things, in an infinite and pre-eminent way, to such a point that it understands them better in His Being than in themselves. And this is the great delight of this awakening: to know the creatures through God and not God through the creatures; to know the effects through their cause and not the cause through the effects.

This writer is saying that that kind of love of creatures is a way of loving God. A Kempis puts it more simply: 'If thy heart be right, then every creature would be a looking-glass of life and a book of holy doctrine'. I need not repeat that this kind of love, which is not possessive or enslaved, comes only after disentanglement from the self-centred love which asks how much it gets back.

Christ told His disciples to bear one another's burdens. One of my neighbour's burdens is that he cannot deserve all the love and consideration he wants or needs. If you give him what he cannot earn, you are taking the weight off him. He will have something, then, to spare for you and his other neighbours. And you can afford it, because the spiritual energies of your soul are not stored in a box, so that what

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NEWS DIARY

April 6-12

Wednesday, April 6

Sir Anthony Eden is received by H.M. the Queen and kisses hands on appointment as Prime Minister

Tributes to Sir Winston Churchill are paid in both Houses of Parliament

Employers and trade unions put their cases before the Court of Inquiry into the London newspaper dispute

Results of eleven more County Council elections show some Labour losses

U.N. Security Council meets to consider more incidents on the Israeli-Egypt border

Seventy-five thousand dockers accept wage increases

Thursday, April 7

Cabinet changes are announced including the appointment of Mr. Harold Macmillan as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Earl of Home the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Minister of Defence. Mr. Reginald Maudling is appointed Minister of Supply and Dr. Charles Hill Postmaster-General

Parliament rises for Easter recess. Sir Anthony Eden goes to Chequers for the holiday

Minister of State at the Board of Trade says the Government will continue to press the United States for a statement about its cotton policy

Court of Inquiry into London newspaper dispute ends its hearings. General Council of the Trades Union Congress considers the strike situation

Persian Prime Minister resigns because of ill health

Friday, April 8

Sir Anthony Eden sends a message to President Eisenhower and thanks Mr. Molotov for a message of good wishes

The annual Conference of the National Union of Journalists calls for wage in-

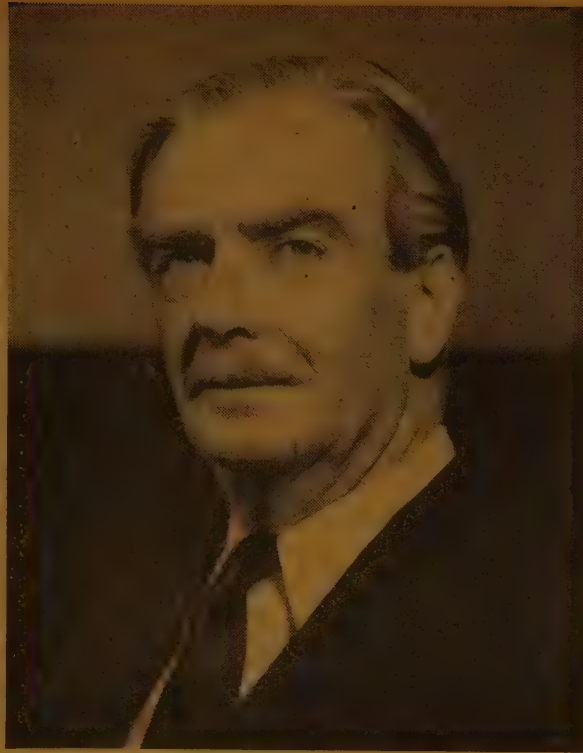
Talks between Egypt and the Sudan about the Nile Waters Agreement are reported to have broken down

Students demonstrate in Cyprus. Home-made bombs are thrown and police are stoned

Saturday, April 9

Russia takes steps to annul her Treaties of Alliance with Britain and France

Mr. Molotov hands Notes to three western ambassadors in Moscow about an Austrian treaty. The Austrian Chancellor states that he does not intend to conclude a treaty during his coming visit to Moscow



Sir Anthony Eden, who has succeeded Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister. After an audience of the Queen at Buckingham Palace Sir Anthony made his first appearance as Prime Minister in the Commons on April 6



Right: Mr. Harold Macmillan, former Minister of Defence, who succeeds Sir Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary, arriving at 10 Downing Street on April 7 for the new Prime Minister's first Cabinet meeting



Queen Victoria's writing desk in the sitting-room at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. The private rooms of the house were opened to the public for the first time on Easter Monday

Right: Saltfarn House, near Plymouth, the seat of the Earl of Morley. A grant towards the cost of repairing and maintaining the property is being made by the Ministry of Works. The house, which is late Georgian, contains some of the finest examples of eighteenth-century decoration in the west of England, and also a valuable collection of paintings



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving Southwark Cathedral on April 7 after Her Majesty had distributed Maundy. The ceremony took place this year at Southwark Cathedral (instead of at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's) to mark the jubilee of the Diocese of Southwark



Pope Pius XII giving the Apostolic blessing to crowds outside St. Peter's in Rome on Easter Day



News Diary (continued)

Another American nuclear device is tested in the Nevada desert

A further frontier incident is reported from the Gaza area

Several trade unions hold their annual Easter conferences

Sunday, April 10

World peace is the theme of many of the Easter messages from Christian leaders. The Pope renews his appeal for a true effort to reach international agreement

Mr. Attlee leaves for a lecture tour in Canada

A French military commission is set up to enquire into the operations which led to the Battle of Dien Bien Phu

The Mixed Armistice Commission censures Egypt for her part in the clash in the Gaza area on April 3

The Co-operative Party Conference suggests the setting up of a world trade organisation

The new Persian Prime Minister outlines his policy to the Lower House in Teheran

Monday, April 11

Many main roads are jammed with cars on warm Bank Holiday

Two hundred and fifty mayors in wine-growing districts of southern France resign in protest against French Government's price policy

Mr. Adlai Stevenson criticises Formosa policy of Eisenhower Administration in a speech at Chicago

U.S. Supreme Court begins hearings on when and how to end racial segregation in state schools

Union of Shop Distributive and Allied Workers to submit claims for wage increases in distributive trades

Tuesday, April 12

Sir Anthony Eden takes up official residence at 10 Downing Street as Prime Minister

Sir Winston Churchill leaves for holiday in Sicily

General Erskine, Commander-in-Chief in East Africa, says active Mau Mau terrorism has entered its last phase

Court of Inquiry into newspaper dispute completes the drafting of its report

Results of test of vaccine against polio published in the United States

Austrian Chancellor opens discussions with Soviet Ministers in Moscow

(continued from page 661)

you give away leaves less behind. They come from the 'well of living water that springs up into Eternal life'; that is to say, they spring from the infinite being of God who is at the root of your own being. You cannot exhaust that. But if you do not spend it freely your soul becomes clogged, like the cistern and pipes in a disused house, and you think the source has dried up. On the other hand, every act of love to the neighbour opens a door behind your soul through which the powers of the eternal world more than replenish what you pour out.

I come in the end to one fruit of loving the neighbour which grows only on the tree of the Cross of Christ. I will put it this way. In Mr. C. S. Lewis' book *The Great Divorce*, he pictures a number of souls who are allowed to look round Heaven to decide if they want to stay there. Most of them do not. There is one woman who is told that if she does she will have to meet her husband from whom she has been estranged for many a year. 'Of course', she says, 'I've long ago forgiven him, but anything beyond that is unthinkable'. What is beyond forgiveness? It is full reconciliation. What is full reconciliation? I will answer that by reminding you of the sublime story of Joseph in the book of Genesis. He had been injured by his brethren who sold him to slavery. He became a great man in Egypt, and was able to

succour them and his father in time of famine. When at last he disclosed to them that he was their brother, they were abashed and ashamed. What did Joseph answer them? 'Be not angry with yourselves, for God has sent me before you to save life'. That is much more than forgiveness, or patronising 'let bygones be bygones'. It declares that, through Joseph's faithfulness and love, his brethren's past sin has now become a means of good. They have contributed to that good.

That is the wonderful mystery of pardon in its full Christian sense. It abolishes the misery of guilt. Dangerous doctrine you may say. Yes, the Christian religion is a dangerous thing, if you try to work things out anywhere short of God's redeeming love. Is not this story of Joseph a pointed foreshadowing of what we mean by being reconciled to God through the death of Christ?

It is the supreme example of God's love that He manipulates things so that man, if he acknowledges God's mercy, can come to know his past and forgiven evil as an instrument of present healing. That is full reconciliation. And those of us who have received that unmerited gift from God can in a delegated way transfer it to others who do us evil. We can then find a new and deeper meaning in loving our neighbour for God's sake.—*Home Service*

Historical Inevitability

A review of Isaiah Berlin's book on this subject by PIETER GEYL

HISTORY is often thought of as a study contentedly remote from the present; or as a hobby of scholars who have elected to fly from the world around them into the dead and gone past. The truth is rather that history is an active force in the struggles of every generation and that the historian by his interpretation of the past, consciously or half consciously or even unconsciously, takes his part in them, for good or for evil.

No Complete Emancipation from the Past

History, then, is a factor to be reckoned with: some will maintain, the decisive one. Mr. Berlin, on the contrary, whose learned and subtle disquisition on *Historical Inevitability** is the occasion of my talk, argues with all the force that is in him against the doctrine of determinism; against the doctrine, that is, according to which we are helplessly caught in the grip of a movement proceeding from all that has gone before. I am with him whole-heartedly. But he himself admits, and it is the point that I want to stress now, that we cannot, while rejecting rigid determinism, represent man as being completely emancipated from the past. The social sciences have taught us to recognise that (as Mr. Berlin puts it) 'the scope of human choice is a good deal more limited than we used to suppose'. As I myself expressed it:

Man is both free and in bonds. Free, for he must always move on; old forms are all the time decaying; man must, and he can, use his will and choose. In bonds, for he cannot use his will indiscriminately, nor choose according to the dictates of his constructive cunning or his fancy. We are incessantly freeing ourselves from our past, but at the same time it maintains a sway over us.

The past, however—what do I mean by the past? Is it the past which works upon our affairs directly? Is it not rather through representations or interpretations, necessarily incomplete and subjective, that its sway is exercised, through what a generation, or a group of men, or a man, believe or imagine the past to be? And so we come back to history as an agent in the present. For it is the historians who are the guardians of mankind's collective memory. It must be admitted that they often use (or abuse) their guardianship to help in creating the legends which substitute themselves for the reality, and many are the great writers of history whose immediate influence on their contemporaries and on the world's affairs has, more than to anything else, been due to the legendary or mythical features in their presentment of their subject. But criticism never slumbers, the argument without end that is history can never rest; and, indeed, to track down legend and to show up myth is the function that the professional historian today will look upon as his special contribution to society and to civilisation, a contribu-

tion making for sanity, for clarity of vision, for a heightened sense of individuality, for balance and moderation of judgement.

Mr. Berlin's little book is a contribution in this sense, and an important one. It is not that he attacks any particular historian, or tries, by removing falsification or embellishment, to restore any particular historical character or historical episode to pristine truth. What he does is to demonstrate the fallacy as well as the danger of one method of interpreting the past, and one especially fertile in producing myths, myths especially potent for working on men's minds in the present. The method, as I told you before, is that of determinism.

The doctrine of determinism (so Mr. Berlin says) has owed most of its vogue in historical thought and writing to the example of the natural sciences and their enormous prestige in recent times. Their 'success in classifying, correlating, and above all predicting' has made more 'attractive the notion that one can discover large patterns or regularities in the procession of historical events'. The statement seems to me undeniable, but although Mr. Berlin does occasionally refer to the metaphysical or religious sources of historical determinism, I think he might have insisted a good deal more on their importance.

St. Augustine Rationalised

He does not even mention the name of Augustine, and yet from *De Civitate Dei* might be traced an unbroken line of views of history in which it is reduced to the fore-ordained movement of impersonal forces. Hegel can be seen as St. Augustine secularised and rationalised, and even the notions of romanticism as represented by Vico and Herder, and in their different ways by Ranke, Carlyle, Michelet—the notions in which Nations or Ideas are personified, or great men pictured as the instruments of some superhuman force—owe much more to the metaphysical tendency or craving, which is an ineradicable feature of human nature, than to the example of the natural sciences. No doubt already during, and even before, Hegel's lifetime the latter factor was coming into play—it worked strongly on Montesquieu and on Condorcet—but it did not show itself in its strength until, not much more than a century ago, Auguste Comte elaborated his philosophy of Positivism.

Mr. Berlin's treatise is based on a lecture he gave at the London School of Economics for the Auguste Comte Memorial Trust. It is not without irony that the whole trend of his argument should be so directly opposed to the ruling tendency of Comte's system. He pays him a great tribute, and with obvious sincerity, for he does not in the least try to minimise the debt owed by history to modern sociological studies. Yet there can be no doubt that the determinist outlook on history received a tremendous support from Positivism.

To represent the historical process as a concatenation of events, one following upon the other inevitably, caused as they all are by a super-human force or by impersonal forces working in society independently from the wishes or efforts of individuals—this is the fallacy. It can appear in many forms. Mr. Berlin enumerates teleological, metaphysical, mechanistic, religious, aesthetic, scientific. He distinguishes roughly between the optimistic school, among whose numerous representatives Comte, 'with his fanatically tidy world of human beings joyfully engaged in fulfilling their functions', is prominent. Their tone is scientific, humanitarian, and enlightened. Over against them he places the pessimistic school, but when as its representatives he picks out Hegel and Marx, I must demur. For a true pessimist take, for instance, Spengler; but Hegel and Marx were not to my mind pessimists. Even though they envisaged catastrophes and destruction coolly—or rather, according to Mr. Berlin, gloatingly—the main thing is that they saw them as inevitable stages of progress. To him their tone sounds furious, apocalyptic, and not a little sadistic; but Marx prided himself on his science, too. Anyway, all these various adherents of the theory

—agree in this, that the world has a direction and is governed by laws, and that the direction and the laws can in some degree be discovered by employing the proper techniques of investigation; and moreover, that the working of these laws can only be grasped by those who realise that the lives, characters, and acts of individuals, both mental and physical, are governed by the larger wholes to which they belong, and that it is the independent evolution of these wholes that constitute the so-called forces in terms of whose direction truly scientific (or philosophical) history must be formulated.

Several questions now present themselves. Mr. Berlin's mind is engaged upon all of them all the time, and his answers, too, are scattered over the whole of his treatise. I shall attempt, for clearness' sake, to deal with them under three headings. First of all: Why is this theory a fallacy? Note that the contention is not that determinism is a fallacy but that to apply determinism to history is an impossible and necessarily misleading method. The ancient controversy between free will and determinism (this is how Mr. Berlin puts it) remains a genuine issue for theologians and philosophers; but for historians determinism is not a serious issue. If the affairs of mankind are indeed subject to laws and evolve in a closely knitted order in which every human action and every human thought is a factor, both determined and in its turn determining, it is only omniscience that will be able to discern the pattern and to assign to each human particle its place in it. The historian's knowledge is far removed indeed from omniscience, and even were every relevant fact within the reach of his investigating powers, the multitude and complexity would surpass his powers of comprehension.

The deterministic constructions which historians so often present, a historical process running on from one inevitable conclusion to another, down to the outcome, hidden from the actors in the drama, but known to the historian, are really no more than constructions in the historian's mind, to which the unfathomable and unruly past has, by arbitrary selection and purposeful interpretation, been made to conform.

Consistent Determinism Unthinkable

One of the most interesting points made by Mr. Berlin, and made with great ability and originality, is that the fallacy of historical determinism appears from its utter inconsistency with the common-sense and everyday way of looking at human affairs, which is so ingrained in our whole habit of thought that even the determinists cannot help using the terminology properly belonging to it. Consistent determinism in history, in other words, is unthinkable. If we held that theory in real earnest we should have to change our vocabulary for our ordinary life and our relations to our fellow human beings. Common sense alone shows that the inevitability of a demonstration in algebra is not applicable to human affairs, and human affairs are the subject-matter of history.

Determinism as a historical method, then, is a fallacy. But why dangerous? This is the second question. Mr. Berlin's answer is: because the spectacle of history thus presented saps the sense of individual responsibility. It engenders acquiescence and passive subjection to the mysterious and uncontrollable forces which are conjured up for the awed public as the masters of their destiny. Among the creators of imposing theories or systems of this description he disposes rather lightly of Spengler and Toynbee. In their work, so he suggests, 'the frontier between facts and cosmic patterns' is effaced, a frontier which 'is a central and objective concept for all those who take the problems of history seriously'. He seems more gravely concerned about the

sociologists of various schools who 'advance scientific arguments for a historical determinism which excludes the notion of personal responsibility'. The labours of these men, fertile in useful instruction as they may otherwise be, have created a new quasi-sociological mythology peopled with all but personified powers both good and bad, as 'The Collectivist Spirit', or 'The Myth of the Twentieth Century', or 'The Contemporary Collapse of Values' (sometimes called 'The Crisis of Faith'), or 'Modern Man'; or 'The Last Stage of Capitalism'. I shall quote from these brilliant pages one passage:

Cowed and humbled by the panoply of the new divinities, men are eager, and seek anxiously, for knowledge and comfort in the sacred books and in the new orders of priesthood which affect to tell them about the attributes and habits of their new masters. And the books and their expositors do speak words of comfort. . . . The discovery of the new, terrifying, impersonal forces may render life infinitely more dangerous, yet if they serve no other purpose, they do, at any rate, divest their victims from all those moral burdens which men in less enlightened days used to carry with so much labour and anguish. . . . Agonising doubts about the conduct of individuals caught in historical crises and the feelings of hope and despair, guilt, pride, and remorse, which accompany such reflections, are taken from us. Like soldiers in an army driven by forces too great to resist, we lose those neuroses which depend on the fear of having to choose among alternatives. Where there is no choice, there is no anxiety; and a happy release from responsibility. Some human beings have always preferred the peace of imprisonment, a contented sense of security, a sense of having at last found one's proper place in the cosmos, to the painful conflicts and perplexities of the disordered freedom of the world beyond the walls.

Desire to Resign Responsibility

Implicit in this passage we have the author's answer to a third question: the question as to what may be the appeal of this dangerous fallacy of a determinist interpretation of human affairs. And indeed he confirms it explicitly in his conclusion:

Principally it seems to me to spring from a desire to resign our responsibility, to cease from judging provided we be not judged ourselves and, above all, are not compelled to judge ourselves; from a desire to flee for refuge to some vast amoral, impersonal, monolithic whole, nature or history, or class, or race, or 'the harsh realities of our time', or the irresistible evolution of the social structure. . . . This is an image which has often appeared in the history of mankind, always at moments of confusion and inner weakness.

Now neither the second nor the third question (neither 'Why dangerous?' nor 'What is the appeal?') seems to me to have received from Mr. Berlin a complete answer. I agree about the paralysing effect, and about the blessed sense of relief that many people will find in acquiescence. But even more dangerous I consider to be the fanaticising effect that a determinist theory can have; and as for the sources in human nature from which these mythologies and systems spring, I should be inclined to bracket with the desire for relief from responsibility the desire for action unimpeded by doubts of success or by moral scruples. The historical process conceived as an impersonal, irresistible, inevitable current may induce the feeling of passively floating along. But, especially when the conception is reduced to some rigid system, this feeling may yield to one of being supported or driven, and an inhuman and amoral energy be imparted.

These sociological mythologies as we know them in our western world are child's play compared with what we have seen happening in Russia. They have not, with us, succeeded, and they are I believe a long way from succeeding, in nullifying the energy that we draw from a different source altogether, from free discussion, from criticism, and the true scientific spirit. But in Russia they have triumphed, and the result is terrible enough, but it is something very different from apathy or weakness and confusion. That triumph is a challenge to us to cultivate our own traditions and resources of belief in the value of personality, and I welcome Mr. Berlin's spirited and valiant vindication of the true conception of history as a valuable contribution to that end.

—Third Programme

The Annual Report of the National Council of Social Service for 1953-54 has now been published, price 1s. 6d. The National Old People's Welfare Committee describes as one of the most important developments of the year the completion of a survey of the social and economic circumstances of a group of elderly people living alone in the Borough of Hammersmith. The National Citizens' Advice Bureaux Committee selects as the outstanding feature of the Bureaux' work 'its increasing recognition as a permanent social service'. There are about 450 Bureaux in the country.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

THE ideas and standards behind modern art have yet to find a style fitted to their public expression. All modern artists either work at the limits of subjectivity or, in their attempts at objectivity, become involved in extreme negative attitudes towards style (Guttuso) or personality (abstract art). At least three exhibitions current in London at the moment remind us that the subjective artist demands of us a total surrender to his world; at least two others remind us that any art which accepts traditional forms as an aesthetic lingo to be refined and improved upon, is a dead art, its roots no longer penetrating to the water table.

The French painter Jean Dubuffet is exhibiting at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. His work is strange, his inventions fertile and energetic. It is certain to be horrifying, even disgusting to many, while others will champion it for these very reasons. Dubuffet has looked at child art and seized upon its methods of realistic expression. He draws figures, camels, palm trees, and everything is frontal and proclaims its identity with the crude certainty of a sign. Hands become scratchy rakes, mouths grinding orifices. It is crude conceptual drawing practised with the conviction of an amateur witch doctor. Material is treated in the same way and the pictures are a simple sum of sign and matter. Among the sculpture there is a monkey cut out of a sponge. It is precisely a sponge-monkey, squashy, furry, making the same equation of form and material as the velvet-pig of the nursery (but *not* as the favourite wooden-spoon doll, which probably leads us to far grander realms). In the paintings the same process of identification is continued: pigment becomes earth or rock in landscapes which are like geological sections in plan and relief maps in section. Or it becomes red glistening tissue out of which figures are made. Signs for animals or men are scored into its surface, emplanting a specific character upon the raw mass. Dubuffet's art is at the meeting of surrealism, expressionism, and abstract art, and its upshot is a shouting realism. It is a form of illusionism which calls upon the eye educated to modern art in the way that earlier illusionism called upon an eye educated to perspective and chiaroscuro.

Dubuffet's pictures do not reflect a world of his imagination; each one is a separate inhabitant of such a world. Edward Burra makes no less total demands upon the onlooker, but his pictures are traditional projections. In his exhibition at Lefevre's he returns, in some pictures, to themes of night life and saloons; others are landscapes populated by his favourite grotesques. Nothing can be added to what has already been said about his world. Its atmosphere becomes clearer with the years, its local colours more brilliant, its humours more deadly. Brightly coloured skeletons in hats lounge smoking in an industrial landscape; an elephant-washerwoman squirts a bird in the eye while witches rave in the background. Burra's pictures are like fairy tales without morals, and they can be frightening, as such tales are, for the moral of a fairy tale is its only frontier with real life as we understand it.

Although Burra is a literary artist, his pictures are superbly put together. A section of any picture can be taken by itself and its shape explored and the atmosphere of the 'story' will not suffer. Not that he has equal control over the shapes; they are most live when they are most closely knit and often, for this reason, the backgrounds tell more than the foregrounds.

Pajetta, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, is another artist whose pictures are projections of a private world. This Italian, who although he is in his mid-fifties has hardly been seen in this country, has been compared with Chagall and Ensor. His pictures are dreamy and he paints puppets and dolls and scenes in which they figure. But he is not fantastic or smart like Chagall, and, unlike Ensor, his work is without bitterness. Certainly Pajetta believes vividly in the world that he is painting, its rainbow light and its people. Figures that might be from Pinocchio or from Fiat's are projected with equal conviction upon his miniature stage. Less happy are the larger figures for they address the onlooker directly and wear their pathos large. This is not a failure of sincerity but of stage management.

Upstairs in the same gallery is a fine collection of Modigliani drawings. Their merits are very real but it is not



'Elephant Lady': watercolour by Edward Burra, from the exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries

easy to separate them from the aura of a period that hangs heavily upon the drawings. One feels instinctively that the weaker ones are sentimental, but what exactly this means is difficult to say. In some at any rate, we feel that certain curves and shapes are imposed upon the figure with daring; in others the figure is approached as though it itself had certain of the characteristics that had proved moving in previous drawings. (The same thing is to be found in Augustus John. Modigliani was a refiner as well as an innovator. The difficulty we have with him is that the refining part of his art led to an easily acceptable ideal which we have now become sick of, while the constructive part was something he shared with far more powerful artists.

John Hersey, who has a show at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is an immensely skilful artist with command of the fashionable idiom. The basic weakness of his pictures is the orthodoxy of his vision. He is a picture-maker without any concern for his subjects yet he cannot leave figures alone. One suspects that the kind of composition he employs can only work if it is founded on a belief in appearances. His taste and skill demand that he should reconsider his position. 'Cyclamen' is the best picture here; it is also the only one that does not attempt to be humanistic or monumental.

Stanley Lench, at the same gallery, is a self-taught artist who paints formalised images in a style which suggests that he has looked at medieval stained glass. Although each picture is a mass of surface pattern, it has considerable power in sum. One can imagine his talent developing most fruitfully if he were able to apply it to embellishment of something already made. It would be interesting to see what he would do with real glass.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Automatic Control

Sir,—In the last of his three extraordinarily interesting talks (THE LISTENER, April 7) Mr. R. H. Macmillan said:

It might even be claimed that, just as the first industrial revolution was caused by the machines that replaced man's muscles, so may automatic controls, which replace his brains, be bringing about what Norbert Wiener has called the second industrial revolution.

The term 'industrial revolution' is one of the few phrases in the academic language of the economic historian that has become public property. Unfortunately, nobody seems quite to know what it means. Various writers have detected various 'industrial revolutions': in the late Bronze Age, the thirteenth century, the century from 1540 to 1640. These are but a few of the claimants, alongside the 'classical' industrial revolution of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century Britain. Diverse types of 'second' industrial revolutions have long appeared on the printed page, usually said to have occurred at differing dates from the later nineteenth century onwards. And now the engineers and mathematicians are busy telling us of another sort of 'second industrial revolution'. It is all very confusing.

What is an industrial revolution? Mr. Macmillan regards as a misconception the notion that 'the further use of automatic devices can make no radical difference to the economy, since it is only the extension of an existing process'. One wonders what precisely is meant by a 'radical difference to the economy'. What are the criteria of this latest industrial revolution?

Some of this confusion seems to arise from a misconception which Mr. Macmillan himself repeats. It is simply not true that 'the first industrial revolution was caused by the machines that replaced man's muscles'. Its causation was infinitely more complex than this; and, moreover, the changes in production techniques did not merely consist of the replacement of muscles by machines. In some instances, and very roughly speaking, they did: textile machinery, for example. But the major innovations in, say, the iron, steel, and chemical industries between 1760 and 1860 were not primarily of this nature, and even the steam engine itself usually replaced not human muscles but water power. Furthermore, it is an obvious exaggeration to imply that even today the industrial revolution has enabled man to dispense with physical effort.

The industrial revolution, on its technical side, was the first major and large-scale success in man's efforts to apply his growing mastery of natural forces to economic production. It transformed this country in a way in which no country had ever before been transformed; and the process of industrialisation which is still transforming once-backward areas is the carrying abroad of this industrial revolution. Modern advances in science spring from the roots which first flowered so spectacularly in the seventeenth century, and modern advances in the interrelation of science and economic change (such as automatic controls) spring from that first flowering which was the industrial revolution.

That the extension of automatic controls will give rise to serious economic problems I do not question. But they will no more 'replace

man's brains' than the industrial revolution 'replaced his muscles'. If we are going to insist that they will create yet another 'industrial revolution', we shall be further confusing ourselves and further emptying of meaning a term which is already distorted but is worth preserving.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

D. C. COLEMAN

Sir,—Referring to Mr. R. H. Macmillan's talk published in THE LISTENER of March 24, may I point out that James Watt was not the inventor of the centrifugal governor illustrated on that page?

The centrifugal governor was invented by Thomas Mead, and patented by him in 1787; and he used it extensively on many windmills. On the first day of June 1825, Dr. Alderson, President of the Hull Mechanics Institute, said in an address to the members:

I do not give Mr. Watt any credit for his governors, or centrifugal regulators of valves, as some have done. The principle was borrowed from the patents of my late friend Mead, who, long before Mr. Watt had adapted the plan to the steam engine, had regulated the mill-sails in this neighbourhood upon that precise principle, and which continue to be so regulated to this day.

It is perfectly clear from Mead's patent specification that his governor was practically identical with the one you illustrate on Watt's engine; and the latter engine incidentally was modified several times after building, and I do not know whether it is certain that it had a centrifugal governor in 1788.—Yours, etc.,

Great Missenden

STANLEY FREESE

[Mr. Macmillan writes:

I am very interested to learn of Thomas Mead's patent of 1787, which confirms my statement, in the talk, that Watt's governor was a development of regulators applied to windmills. With regard to the last paragraph of Dr. Freese's letter, there is exhibited in the New York Public Library Watt's original drawing of the governor illustrated: it is dated December 13, 1788, in his own hand.

I do not pretend to any very detailed knowledge of the early history of automatic devices and would be most grateful to Dr. Freese if he would care to send me any further information he may have at his disposal.]

Leaving School Early

Sir,—The assertion of your correspondents, Messrs. Hughes and Wilson, that the secondary modern school is a failure seems to me to contain the unwarrantable assumption that these schools have been tried and found wanting. They are still being developed and have not had their present status long enough to justify any pronouncement, except on the progress they have made towards the implementation of the 1944 Education Act in providing for the children attending them the education best suited to their 'age, aptitude, and ability'. This will vary with different types of children from varying backgrounds, and in our empirical English way various ways of achieving this have been, and are being, tried.

It would be a complete break from traditional English practice to expect a new type of education establishment to spring 'fully armed' from the Act. As an interested observer I have been tremendously impressed by the progress made,

and by the co-operation among schools in the same area in uniting to provide special courses, so that all children may be catered for, and I confidently assert that in the foreseeable future these schools will fully justify their foundation, and prove to be an important, efficient, and worthy part of our educational system.

Yours, etc.,

Perivale Infants School D. M. SKIPPINGS
Head Mistress

Sir,—Mr. Wilson in his letter (THE LISTENER, March 31) points out that some pupils in secondary modern schools take the General Certificate of Education. Mr. Holt (THE LISTENER, April 7) makes the same point, and also reminds me that the selection tests at 11+ are fallible, and that there is a wide discrepancy from county to county in the proportion of grammar places available. I realise this, but fail to see the strict relevance of it all to the inescapable fact that the great majority of pupils in the secondary modern school can never aspire to the level of the G.C.E. Neither Mr. Holt nor Mr. Wilson appears to deny this, and yet Mr. Holt seems too preoccupied with his pathetically thin looking statistics to face up to the problem, and Mr. Wilson escapes behind a screen of irresponsible generalisations. Mr. Butler (THE LISTENER, April 7) alone admits the problem. But even though a few pupils in secondary modern schools can take the G.C.E., and even if more could attain to this level with intensive coaching, it does not follow that it is desirable that they should. The possible ill consequences for the majority of the pupils in those secondary modern schools that run a G.C.E. course are not considered by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Holt, and both take for granted the value of the G.C.E. to the few concerned.

It is clear to me that the real differences between myself and all three correspondents who have replied to my letter (THE LISTENER, March 24) arise from radically different presuppositions as to the true aim of our education system. They appear to share the view that education must be essentially something that is measurable. To them education and learning are synonymous. Schools are really for the scholastic. Mr. Butler accepts the logic of this assumption. The majority of the school population should be given merely a good grounding in the three Rs and leave school at fourteen. Thus the status of the primary and secondary modern school teacher is reduced to that of people merely instructing children in the basic skills, and that of their technical and grammar school colleagues inflated to that of the only teachers really equipped for and concerned with education.

It is very natural that some teachers, being themselves the product of an academic training, should identify education with scholarship. Learning can so easily become for teachers an end in itself, and a thorough knowledge and understanding of a subject readily becomes a substitute for a real philosophy of life. Thus I suspect that the value ascribed by many teachers to an academic course for some children, both as individuals and as members of society, is something of a rationalisation. For this reason, I believe, the problems of the grammar school have so far been ignored in this discussion, and their significance for the secondary modern school not perceived. I mean, of course, the early



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There's a price on their heads. It runs into millions. It will be paid in more than half a hundred currencies. The two small boys who play the leading roles in *THE KIDNAPPERS* are capturing the hearts of cinemagoers everywhere.

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Reports from Canada say that the film was 'the box-office gem of 1954 and is continuing to be the same thing in 1955'.

PAID IN DOLLARS

IN THE United States *THE KIDNAPPERS* appeared on 'ten best films of 1954' lists in New York's *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *Post*, *World Telegram and Sun*, as



well as in *Time* magazine. America's National Board of Review of Motion Pictures placed it fourth in its list of the ten best foreign films.

Yet this enchanting and highly successful film was created by a small cast of actors, an unassuming story, and the simplest of settings.

THE CHOICE IS THEIRS

THE pattern which the Rank Group has laid down for film exhibition in Canada is repeated throughout the Commonwealth: but nowhere are there hard and fast rules as to the films shown. The final choice is always with the country concerned.

That the British can make good films is proved by past and present successes in all parts of the world. But the making of films is only one aspect of a vast industry. Success in distributing and exhibiting them world-wide is clear from the fact that last year 50% of the Rank Organisation's film earnings came from abroad.



leavers; the failure of a proportion of those who do complete the course: the irrelevance for many of much of the knowledge acquired to their needs in after-life: the speed with which so much of this knowledge is forgotten: and perhaps the saddest of all indictments of an academic course contained in the frequently heard, bored, and apathetic remark, 'Oh, yes, I did that at school'. For such reasons as these many people are convinced that already too many children are subjected to an academic course in our schools.

This discussion, I believe, raises issues that involve the whole problem of education in a democracy. The problem becomes explicit in the secondary modern school because aims of education in terms of scholastic attainment are not for the majority realisable. But it is surely inherent in the whole system. It is a quite unwarranted assumption that the study of separate subjects to whatever level provides an integrated, meaningful vision of life. This, I believe, is the real challenge to democracy, to our whole system of education, of the secular ideologies of our day. If we fail to come to terms with it on behalf of the majority of the school population, then it is not nonsense to believe that democracy is imperilled. This is the context, I suggest, within which one must think of the secondary modern school. Its very freedom from academic pretensions provides the opportunity to pioneer the way towards a genuine educational goal. The experiment has not failed, it has hardly begun. Teachers inadequately trained for this truly revolutionary task have already achieved miracles of adaptation and improvisation. I believe in the secondary modern school. Even children destined to work at the blast furnaces must not be deprived of the opportunity to acquire that sense of meaning and purpose in life which is the heritage of the young in the most primitive societies.

Ultimately, I believe that the problem of the secondary modern school, a microcosm in which one can clearly see the whole problem of education in our society, is a religious one. Only if we can regain our historic faith, and learn to interpret it in terms of our present age, shall we as parents, teachers, and employers be able to really educate our children.—Yours, etc.,

Ham P. J. HUGHES

The Integrity of the Poet

Sir,—Mr. Robert Graves in his most interesting and provocative talk on 'The Integrity of the Poet' (THE LISTENER, March 31) seems to be suggesting that poetic integrity is impossible to achieve without detachment. He admits, however, that in our modern world no poet has ever been able to avoid the responsibilities of citizenship. Is it not also true that ever since the world began no poet has ever been able to avoid the responsibilities incumbent upon membership of the human race, and that the real danger to poetic integrity does not lie in 'attachment', but in the subordination of the creative imagination to that attachment, whether it be religious, philosophical, or political. Nevertheless, all these three may be elements in great poetry, and we need go no further for evidence than to Virgil's 'Aeneid', Dante's 'Inferno', and Milton's 'Paradise Lost'.

Mr. Graves calls the theological, ecclesiastical, and liturgical 'unpoetic', thereby implying that a poet can work only with material which is already poetic by nature. Here again the facts would appear to challenge him. All the poets he mentions in this context—Herbert, Vaughan, and Traherne—produced poetry out of such unyielding material, and some which has been accounted by the world not unworthy of the poetic profession. Whether Skelton's more uncomplicated approach in the poem 'Wofully

Araid' is to be preferred is not relevant to poetic criticism, since one must judge the poem and not the attitude. As poetry, I think it fails, and indeed comes perilously near to decadence, first by reason of its air of forced simplicity, and secondly through lack of passion, and this in spite of the poetry and passion which is inherent in the subject matter. Gerard Manley Hopkins was both poet and priest, and his poetry necessarily bears the imprint of his clerical attachment. But for all that it emerges (according to the generally accepted opinion) as poetry of singular power and beauty. Whether he would have written better poetry had he not embraced the priesthood is merely a matter for conjecture, and again irrelevant to the subject of poetry. He was a priest—and he wrote poetry: these are incontrovertible facts.

I would ask Mr. Graves, therefore, to allow the poet freedom to associate with his fellow-men in whatever way he may think to be right. The Muse is indeed a jealous goddess, but she is not, I submit, averse from entertaining even the most intractable of guests, providing that her supremacy be not threatened. Is not poetic integrity to be found in the maintenance of this supremacy of the creative imagination over the poet's chosen working materials, rather than in the mere detachment of the poet from the world of affairs?—Yours, etc.,

Barnet

R. WALSH

Nonconformist History

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Hetherington, may I say that there is a sense in which it may be claimed historically that the dissenting academies of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries merely faded away? They existed to provide dissenters with a quasi-university education at a time when the English universities were closed to them and the students were far from being exclusively ministerial. When one recalls the restricted teaching staffs, equipment and opportunities, one may form the judgement that this was, in many cases, an ambition rather than a fact but it was definitely the objective desired. The situation was mitigated by the existence of the Scottish and some Protestant Continental universities. It became wholly unnecessary after the foundation of London University, and the lack of necessity was underlined by the abolition of religious tests in 1871 at the older foundations together with the gradual evolution of 'redbrick' universities in various parts of the country. The academies withered away in their historical form and survived as ordinary dissenting theological colleges equipped for training students to become ministers of the various sects represented. Both Mrs. Oliphant and Mark Rutherford draw unlovely pictures of them at this stage in their evolution.

The growth of the Anglican theological college was parallel to the later years of this process. But these colleges were mainly designed for a seminary training supplementary to the regular university course and their foundation owed nothing whatever to the tradition of the dissenting academies.—Yours, etc.,

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
London, W.8

The Coming Arms Race in Germany

Sir,—It is amazing that an otherwise so well-informed correspondent on German affairs, Mr. Terence Prittie, should fail to enlighten the British public on the significance underlying the commemoration of what he calls 'an obscure tribal chieftain', and the Germania-Denkmal memorial (THE LISTENER, March 31). The former is a national hero who defeated the Romans, thus liberating the Germany of that time from Roman domination. Considering the

fuss made by other nations of their heroes, why should Germans not be entitled to do the same? The Germania at Bingen, an emblematic figure, evokes the same sentiments as the Britannia does with British people.—Yours, etc.

London, S.E.9

BRUNO KINDERMANN

Sir,—I think Mr. Terence Prittie is mistaken when saying: 'Visitors to western Germany may be surprised by the Hermann memorial in the Teutoburger forest and the Germania-Denkmal at Bingen—the one commemorating an obscure tribal chieftain and the other nothing at all recognisable. They are still objects of great veneration'.

Hermann is not at all an 'obscure tribal chieftain'. In A.D. 9 he defeated the Romans—in the Teutoburger forest—and by his victory opened the way for a free Germania. The Niederwald-Denkmal at Rüdesheim (opposite to Bingen) on the Rhine, with the statue of the goddess Germania (surely in horrible taste), commemorates the establishment of the German Empire in 1871. I do not think that either of these memorials is an object of veneration. People visiting them do so from historical interest, or mere curiosity. When shortly after the war I climbed up to the Niederwald-Denkmal I found it in a desolate state and only some members of the American troops visiting it.

Yours, etc.,

Göttingen

KARL AUGUST HENNICKE

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Paul Frank, referring to Mr. Prittie's talk 'The Coming Arms Race in Germany' has himself made a factual error in connection with the Battle of Nations at Leipzig. He placed Poles in the allied armies, together with Germans, Austrians, Russians. In fact, though a small Polish detachment took part in the battle under Russian command, Polish troops fought at Leipzig at the side of the French, as they had done throughout the Napoleonic period (e.g., in Napoleon's Russian campaign nearly 100,000 Poles took part). The Battle of Leipzig is memorable for Poles by the fact that the commander of the Polish Forces, Prince Józef Poniatowski—himself a Marshal of France—was killed when covering with his troops the retreat of the defeated French.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey BOLESŁAW TABORSKI

'L'Arlésienne'

Sir,—I noticed that the article reviewing the recent performance of 'L'Arlésienne' appearing in THE LISTENER of March 31 claims this to be a first performance in England of the original Bizet music in its complete form. This is not in fact true. I gave four public performances in 1952, with students of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Not only was the Bizet score adhered to in every detail, but the play was staged, spoken in French, and included dancers in the traditional *Farandole*. No trouble was spared to give in these performances as close a representation as possible of Daudet's text and Bizet's score.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

EDRIC CUNDELL

Principal, Guildhall School of Music

[Mr. Lockspeiser writes:

Mr. Cundell appears to be confusing the published version of the incidental music to 'L'Arlésienne' with the original version, still in manuscript, and which differs from the later, published version both in regard to the number of pieces—several were omitted or rearranged in the published version—and the orchestration. It was precisely this original score of Bizet in its complete form, the novel features of which were described in an article by Roger Fiske in *Radio Times*, March 18, that received its first performance in England on the occasion of the broadcast on March 20.]

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MACMILLAN

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Poetry and the Age. By Randall Jarrell. Faber. 18s.

OUR SITUATION MAKES for an evasive criticism. 'I am the man, I suffered, I was there' would be a fair motto for criticism of value. But always with you, common reader, on your right, on 'the buttered side of God and Mammon', there are Mr. Jarrell's fools and pedants, occupying critical sinecures of respectability, acceptance and no surprises; on your left are his Superior Intellectuals. On your right are those who place wreaths round well-loved names, on your left the poison critics who pull them off. On your right the succession of tame journals, on your left the intermittency of wild journals, 'revolutionary organs of an oppressed or neglected class', whose contributors 'by using a style which insists upon their superiority to the society that disregards them, both protect themselves'—this is Mr. Jarrell again—and punish their society.

There are sub-divisions, too, left and right, or partaking both of left and right. Endlessly academic ants or scholiasts tread a widening trail between university and library and microphone and publisher's office; there are new academic exclusionists, who run you through, good common reader, with contempt, if you dare like and read without sanction, and there are genial inclusionists always at the birth, the confirmation, the ordination of all 'progressive movements', but never at their funeral. Also there are worldly elegant ones (in Boston and New York, no doubt, as in London) simpering, as they drink good vintages in correct houses, because they know, and you do not, the secret shrine in which Literature is now being made.

Mr. Jarrell himself, as American critic no less than American poet, would rather be the man; who suffered; who was there. He would be without party, he would be the open, responsive creature, heart and intellect; the appreciator, not the Pope; in English terms, not mentioning the antitheses, the Forster, the O'Faolain, and a little but not too much of the Wyndham Lewis. So he writes not too dryly, and not by slipping his arm impudently into yours, not impersonally; and if with some, yet not with too much, image and ego. He is content to accept the poet as an 'accident-prone worker to whom poems happen'; to define a good poet as 'someone who manages, in a lifetime of standing out in thunderstorms, to be struck by lightning five or six times'. He adds, 'A dozen or two dozen times, and he is great'. Clearly this can mean skating near the whimsical; it can—and does—lead Mr. Jarrell to ejaculate at intervals, 'touching', 'haunting', 'interesting', 'wonderful', and so maintain that poetry—is poetry. It can (not so often) slide him into a downright silliness: 'If we compare Whitman'—he has been quoting excellently in Whitman's praise—'with that very beautiful poet Alfred Tennyson, the most skilful of all Whitman's contemporaries, we are at once aware of how limiting Tennyson's forms have been, of how much Tennyson has to leave out'. Are we? And didn't Carl Sandburg once think aloud and with exclamation marks of what Shakespeare might have done with 'the emotion behind the sonnets' but for the shape of the sonnets? It might have been more sensible to make a comparison of the expanded strength and inclusiveness of 'A Song of Myself' with the contracted strength and inclusiveness of Hopkins, in, for example, 'That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire'—even to intimate that Tennyson had difficulty enough in filling his exquisite forms.

At times Mr. Jarrell does write as though he had just arrived at Poetry, for a vacation, after a long drive, pretending to have been there for weeks. Nevertheless, he will persuade most of his readers to read Whitman if they don't read him, to think again about the stature of Robert Frost if they just pigeonhole him incompletely read, or to agree to merits exactly there in Marianne Moore and thinly *not* there in Wallace Stevens ('G. E. Moore at the spinet' he remarks of one quotation from Stevens). Mr. Jarrell does not stuff his readers with the cottonwool crumpets of Hart Crane, preferring a spiced, lighter, digestible diet of John Crowe Ransom.

It is always easier, though, to re-criticise the established and the much criticised than to construct arguments for the unestablished or the less criticised. Facing newer or more doubtful talents, how does Mr. Jarrell get on? A deal worse. He thinks too unpersuasively well of the *Patterson*, Book I, of William Carlos Williams (who else has ever thought that Dr. Williams so delights in the way things look that reading him is 'a long shudder of recognition?'), too extravagantly and also unpersuasively well of the knobbly chalky style, the Eliot-cum-Dylan Thomas manner, of Robert Lowell. After reading and in many parts enjoying his book, approving his attitude that criticism must be aid, art and devotion, welcoming his older enthusiasms and his quoting, one still asks whether for Mr. Jarrell language has enough possibility, enough terrible and tough solidity. An agile mind too often goes bounding away from its anchors of heart, flesh and circumstances. Of all American poets, the European must too often think, only Whitman, up to date, has been the man, who suffered, and was there, to a great purpose.

American Government

By Richard H. Pear.

Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.

Mr. Pear is to be congratulated on having written a short book on American government which is both an introduction and a good deal more. His subtitle, 'its theory and practice explained for the English reader', is, within the limits of space he has set himself, well justified. Describing his approach as 'institutional, constitutional and historical', he expresses the view that United States history, 'though decidedly short, has a breadth and richness of quality which no other country can equal'. Quite properly, in this reviewer's opinion, he devotes a high proportion of his space to explaining the origins and development of the institutions it is his purpose to describe.

Starting with the Philadelphia Convention, the reader is led on a brisk tour of America's chief political organs which comes to an end in the first years of the Eisenhower Administration. Only a few examples of Mr. Pear's qualities as a guide can be singled out for mention. His summary in a dozen pages of the leading decisions since its inception of the Supreme Court offers a most useful introduction to anyone embarking on a study of American constitutional law. His remarks on the cardinal problem of sovereignty ('the American system obscures the locus of sovereignty') are revealing not only to the first-year student but to those with a fair knowledge of the literature on this subject. And what he has to say on the 'new liberalism' since the 1930s and on public opinion in general will repay most careful reading. This short book can teach the beginner wisdom about the Senators and much else on the American

political scene. It may be ventured that it could also teach some English senators, assembled in Westminster or elsewhere, a good deal that they appear not to know or choose to overlook. It is to be hoped that an undue number of misprints will be corrected in future editions. Who, for example, are 'D. W. Brogar' and 'Lincoln Stephens'? The page of contents might indicate that the useful notes collected at the end of the volume include quite extensive help about future reading. And a book which contains so many facts deserves, it is suggested, a fuller index.

English Historical Documents Vol. I, c. 500-1042

Edited by Dorothy Whitelock.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 80s.

If the interest of Anglo-Saxon history is less widely recognised than it deserves, the main reason is the difficulty of the materials on which it is founded. They are unevenly distributed in time, so that for long periods a narrative can only be pieced together from details supplied by letters, royal charters, or private memoranda. They vary in quality from the *Ecclesiastical History* of Bede—the masterpiece of the first true historian in the post-Roman west—to the compilations of writers barely able to construct an intelligible sentence. Some of the most important are written in Old English, and confront the translator with specialised problems of peculiar intricacy. Others are lives of saints, written for edification, valuable to the historian for the facts which they record incidentally, but rarely to be taken at their face value in their deliberate judgements of individual character.

By employing a rare combination of linguistic and historical knowledge, Dr. Whitelock has succeeded in giving a coherent form to this miscellaneous body of evidence. She has made it available to a modern reader by a rendering of every text into English, supported where the original is ambiguous—as frequently happens in the Anglo-Saxon Laws—by explanatory footnotes. She has prefaced each main section of her book—Secular Narrative Sources, Charters and Laws, and Ecclesiastical Sources—with an introduction describing the material which follows, and a bibliography offering a critical guide to recent research. Within the sections, each individual piece is headed by a note indicating its historical significance. To the collection as a whole she has written a masterly introduction of a hundred pages, in which the history of the Anglo-Saxons is traced downwards to the year 1042, the terminal date assigned to this volume by the plan of the series of which it forms a part. To have brought this massive and finely executed work to an issue in publication is an achievement deserving the gratitude of all who feel that the first five centuries of English history should be something more than a prelude to the more familiar record of the true Middle Ages.

A book of this kind must have been hard and expensive to produce. All who have been thus concerned with it deserve congratulation on the result. The resources of modern typography have been lavishly employed to mark a physical distinction between the different parts of the book, such as the historical survey with which it begins, the sectional introductions, the headings and notes to the texts, and the bibliographies. The book thus avoids the appearance of monotony that might otherwise have come over a volume of 867 pages closely filled with matter.



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The size and elaboration of the book should in fairness be taken into account by critics who deprecate the price of eighty shillings at which it is issued. The price will, it may be feared, seem daunting to many of the private scholars who will most naturally wish to add the book to their libraries. But with much else it covers a 100-page version of the different texts of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, printed where necessary in column and thickly set about with notes, which it is a triumph to have produced at any price not wholly prohibitive under the prevailing conditions.

A volume on the sources of Anglo-Saxon history gives at first sight an impression of completeness such as could not be claimed for any other volume in the series to which it belongs. It is in fact remarkable how high a proportion of the authorities which relate to this period are represented here in full or by a complete set of significant extracts. But the feature of the volume which should go furthest to secure it a long life is Dr. Whitelock's extraordinary skill in selecting from a great mass of ancient material precisely the documents which are most clearly relevant to the historian's purposes. The sources for the period are so widely scattered in publication that brief documents of the highest interest can fall for generations out of sight. The phrases in which a bishop of Winchester states that an estate in Surrey 'was quite without stock and stripped bare by heathen men' when the king gave it to him are of unique value as a local commentary on the miseries of southern England in King Alfred's time, but no one before Dr. Whitelock has emphasised their importance.

Most of these documents have been in print for many years, but texts of them are often hard to find. The letter in which Pope John VIII promises to support the Archbishop of Canterbury in a dispute with King Alfred, in spite of its obvious interest, has commonly been neglected for this reason. Dr. Whitelock's readers will have the satisfaction of finding, here and there, complete translations of texts which hitherto they have known only from a brief reference. To some, at least, of her readers, the most interesting feature of her book will probably be the section in which she reconstructs a lost chronicle covering the ninth and much of the tenth century from the annals embedded in the work of the thirteenth-century writer Roger of Wendover. It has long been known that this author preserved many extracts from a source of this kind far earlier than his own day. Dr. Whitelock has pieced these passages together, proved their antiquity from the evidence of coins, and thus provided ancient authority for many ill-recorded episodes of Anglo-Saxon history.

To all who wish for assurance about the historical background of Old English civilisation Dr. Whitelock has supplied in this book a large body of well-tested material such as has never before been brought together. It forms a major contribution to the study of Anglo-Saxon history, and for the period which it covers fully justifies the plan of the series to which it belongs. Even the most familiar of the sources translated here gain fresh interest when studied in the context in which Dr. Whitelock has set them, and in the light of the scholarship which she has brought to their illustration.

The Waterfowl of the World. Volume I. By Jean Delacour.

Country Life. £5 5s.

The year nineteen hundred and fifty-four will long be looked on as an *annus mirabilis* in Bird Literature. In it, two books have appeared of outstanding significance to ornithologists: *A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe* (Peterson, Mountfort and Hollom) and now the

first volume of *The Waterfowl of the World* by Jean Delacour, the Director of the Department of History, Science, and Art in the County of Los Angeles, California, illustrated by Peter Scott, who needs no introduction to the British public: two works whose impact upon the outlook of those whose lot and pleasure it is to study birds it would be hard to over-estimate; and both, by happy coincidence, the outcome of singularly successful ventures in Anglo-American partnership. Peterson's book has been reviewed already in THE LISTENER: the second, which has just come to hand, claims to have assembled all that is at present known about the wildfowl of the world—and this is no empty boast if the succeeding volumes run true to form to the first. This volume deals with the curious Australian Magpie Goose; the long-legged Tree or Whistling Ducks; the typical Swans and Geese, on which no comprehensive book has appeared for fifty years; the South American Sheld-Geese; the handsome but quarrelsome Shelducks and the clumsy-looking Loggerhead or Steamer Ducks of Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Islands. Volumes II and III are planned to cover the remainder of the world's waterfowl.

More, and a great deal more than the sum of all that was known before, has been learned about waterfowl during the past twenty-five years, now that the bias has shifted from the museums to outdoors, from dissection to the study of the living bird. Not that structural details are unimportant: they are, and in this book the conclusions to be drawn from them as evidence of relationships between the various families of waterfowl have been most carefully discussed and overhauled. But this new knowledge, this mass of observations culled from the wider field: the bird alive, its whistles and calls, the way it walks and eats and flies and mates, its postures, gestures and displays, its likes and dislikes both in the wild and in benevolent captivity (for nowadays many 'captive' wildfowl live full-winged in prisons without walls), its moults and nest and brood—all this vast territory, too, has been explored, weighed, synthesised, and placed at our disposal. And who better fitted for this mountainous programme of research than these two men, Jean Delacour and Peter Scott? Such collaboration could scarcely fail to produce a very remarkable book.

It is evident throughout that Country Life, the publishers, have spared no pains to produce a book in keeping with the high traditions of their house.

Orellana. By George Millar.

Heinemann. 18s.

This dramatic reconstruction of the Spaniard Francisco de Orellana's expedition down the river Amazon to its mouth in the Atlantic—the first white man to make such a journey—is a remarkable literary achievement. Mr. Millar manages to evoke the spirit and character of the Spanish conquistadors with a novelist's skill. The exploits of Orellana and his small group of Spaniards are far less known than those of Cortes or Pizarro but they are none the less amazing. Only great religious faith, physical courage, and that iron tenacity so typical of the Castilians could have made such a perilous expedition a success.

In retelling the story of this tremendous journey which took place in 1541-42, the author has used the device of putting it into the mouth of Orellana's scrivener, one Francisco de Isáaga, a fearless, loyal man who was also a noted cross-bowman. We enter into the extraordinary world of the conquistadors where huge territories were administered by small groups of Spaniards, and where deadly rivalries had begun to appear after the conquest and colonisation of the New

World. Orellana, a scholarly but brave Spanish gentleman, was a kinsman of the Pizarros who ruled Peru, and when Gonzalo Pizarro decided to equip a great expedition to penetrate inland and discover El Dorado, Orellana rushed to join him, organising a small group of followers at his own expense. Orellana and his party missed Pizarro at Quito but pushing on quickly managed to join him in the dangerous, unknown territory near the sources of the Amazon. Separated once more, Orellana went on alone with his small group of Spaniards and Indian slaves in search of the fabled El Dorado. After unimaginable hardships, when Orellana and his party almost starved to death and yet managed to fight off unfriendly Indian tribes, they eventually found themselves on the great river Amazon, or Marañon as the Spaniards called it.

The descriptions of Orellana's adventures on the Amazon and along its banks read like a story by Rider Haggard. The Spaniards, few in number, fight victorious battles against vastly superior Indian forces, and Orellana himself emerges as a leader with rare imagination, courage, and tact. It is interesting to know that this Spanish conquistador had learnt a number of Indian dialects, and throughout the expedition always insisted on trying to be friends with the tribes encountered before fighting. It is also ironic to learn that the native Indians had little interest in the legendary gold which the Spaniards sought, and greatly preferred food and practical gifts such as knives or swords. These extraordinary Spaniards also managed to build two brigantines that greatly facilitated their journey down the river. When Orellana finally reached the mouth of the Amazon and the Atlantic sea, his party consisted of forty Spaniards, two Portuguese, two friars, two negro slaves, and an Indian trumpeter. This was in August, 1542. The party sailed on in safety to Trinidad.

Beware of Africans

By Reginald Reynolds. Jarrolds. 18s.

Mr. Reynolds landed at Alexandria with a rucksack and a portfolio, and made his way to the Cape by the cheapest available means of transport. He took his title from a road sign in Northern Rhodesia. His introductions came from two sources—Indians and Quakers—and his contacts were rather different from those of the ordinary traveller and even the average journalist. His book falls naturally into two parts: the Nile Valley, where the future is clearly in the hands of Africans, and the Rest—the white-settled countries, whose future is not so clear. For the Nile valley he looks to 'a T.V.A. on an international scale . . . when an independent Sudan confronts its equals in Egypt and Ethiopia', and a Nile Federation to be completed when Uganda is independent. He was impressed by the genuine efforts of British civil servants in the Sudan to train their successors, and their loyalty to Sudanese superiors and subordinates.

In Kenya he learnt that the forces of law and order were known as 'the White Mau Mau', and were more feared by most of his acquaintances than were the African terrorists—is he the first writer to draw the obvious parallel with the Black and Tans? He had reason there for indignation, but when he writes of the suppression of the Kikuyu Independent Schools as a deliberate means of killing African initiative, he is less than fair to a government which welcomed their inception and put no obstacle in their way for at least fifteen years. He did find two things to commend in Kenya—the training of Africans in the railway workshops and the African District Councils.

In Tanganyika the air was lighter; after that

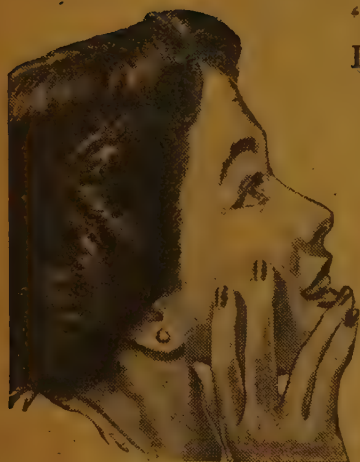
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was heavy all the way with the weight of white supremacy. Despite the claims to have found a method of ensuring this which is technically superior to *apartheid*, and which might be taken to imply the presence of a more liberal spirit in Rhodesia, Mr. Reynolds found many more people of genuine goodwill in the Union.

He also found it significant that trade unions there have begun to oppose legislation restricting trade-union rights for Africans.

He notes the paradox that for Africans in the Union the lowest political status on this side of the continent is combined with the highest attainable standard of living (for a labourer),

and, also, the most mature political sense. Just because of this, he holds, they may be the nearest to complete emancipation. He does not say how, and believes that 'only stubborn European resistance to progress could bring about such a catastrophe' as the forcible expulsion of the Europeans.

New Novels

Cards of Identity. By Nigel Dennis. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

Not Honour More. By Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

Beyond the Hungry Country. By Louise A. Stinetorf. Muller. 12s. 6d.

Take These Men. By Cyril Joly. Constable. 15s.

THOSE still baffled by the servant problem may care to consult Mr. Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity*, where they will find the outline of an excellent solution. For the best results, it would, of course, first be necessary to apply for membership of the Identity Club. This little-known body (the account of one of whose out-of-town sessions occupies the bulk of the book) is composed of experts upon human personality. They recognise that a man's identity, superficially so inalienably his own, is in reality a somewhat precarious affair, quick to alter, chameleon-like, with any change in his costume, function, or company; in more extreme cases, such as conditions of amnesia or schizophrenia, it may become detached from him altogether. The Identity Club have perfected techniques for procuring this total detachment. Captain Mallet, who has been sent ahead to prepare the derelict stately home of Hyde's Mortimer for the reception of his fellow-members, is quick to perceive which of the local inhabitants are slackening their grips upon their own identities; he lures them on various pretexts into Hyde's Mortimer, subjects them to devastating psychological shock-treatments which have the effect of completing the dissociation of their personalities, and fits them out with new identities as devoted and infinitely put-upon housekeepers, butlers, and gardeners.

The first part of *Cards of Identity* is taken up with these practical exercises in identity-unbuilding and rebuilding. The central part consists of the papers on identity-change which are read at the session by learned members of the club—Dr. Bitterling, the symbolist; Dr. Shubunkin, the sexologist; Father Golden Orfe, the confessorist. We learn how a girl-man becomes a man-girl, how a confessing communist becomes a confessing Catholic, how a city clerk becomes Co-Warden of the Badgeries. At the same time we see the members of the club themselves in the grip of the pseudo-identities that their very functions in the club impose upon them. Mr. Dennis next treats us to a lengthy and very, very late Shakespearean play called 'The Prince of Antioch: or, An Old Way to New Identity', acted by 'the staff'—who, thus, for dramatic purposes, must shift their identities again. The book closes with the sudden departure of the club and terrified resumption by the staff of the personalities with which God, or Society, had originally issued them.

Reviewers' superlatives, if in the least qualified, are inclined to be infinitely suspect, so I had better say at once, without beating about the bush, that this is the cleverest novel, and the most intellectually formidable, that I have read for years. It is also one of the funniest. But I hasten to add that it is the most heartless: indeed, if pity is in any way to be considered a human characteristic, it reads as if written by some very highly educated animal—

probably a hyena, in view of the gusts of dry cackinnation that sweep it from cover to cover. Intellectually, it is incredibly tough, psychiatric Grand Guignol, pulling no punches whatever. Those whose grips upon their own identities are not absolute are seriously advised not to read *Cards of Identity*; but psychological henners will enjoy the rough-and-tumble. With this sole reservation, fanatically recommended.

With *Not Honour More*, Mr. Joyce Cary completes the trilogy begun in *Prisoner of Grace* and *Except the Lord*. The central figure is still that tricky demagogue Chester Nimmo, but this time he is seen through the eyes of Captain Jim Latter, his ex-wife's second husband. Mr. Cary is always an inspired impersonator, especially of characters so 'impossible' in normal social intercourse that to get under their skin at all would present most novelists with almost insuperable difficulties. But Mr. Cary emerges triumphant once again, though Captain Latter is certainly as tough a nut as he has ever given himself to crack—a bristly barking rough-haired terrier of a little man, fanatically honest as only a rough-haired terrier can be, and fanatically stupid to the same extent. He yaps above all at the devious abuses and chromium-plated confidence-tricks which (he claims) we dignify with the name of Democracy: one hundred and one per cent. of all British government and administration is pure fiddle and eye-wash, according to Captain Jim Latter; his cries of 'Liar! Cheat! Dirty! Poodle-faker! Racket!' echo stridently from every page. Mr. Cary confronts Nimmo with Latter during the period of the General Strike and their incompatibility develops inevitably into the grimmest tragedy both on the political and on the personal plane.

This is a harsh, arid, angry, and tremendously noisy book, and I cannot say that I very much enjoyed it. I have liked Mr. Cary's blasts of full orchestration in the past (*The Horse's Mouth*, for instance), but *Not Honour More* seems less orchestration than thumping percussive monotony. Captain Latter is a brilliantly 'realised' storyteller—the author could not have made a better job of him: but he is an extraordinarily tiresome man. The reader's sympathies have no point of rest in this novel: sly, diddling, 'democratic' Nimmo is presumably no one's cup of tea; but then whose cup of tea is intolerant, bone-stupid, 'honest' Jim Latter? Not Mr. Cary's, I trust. Certainly not mine. A plague on both their houses! However, it is only fair to say that I have not read *Except the Lord* (I both read and admired *Prisoner of Grace*), and that this novel is probably to be regarded rather as the conclusion of a trilogy than as a self-sufficient work of art on its own.

Beyond the Hungry Country is described on the dust-jacket as 'the odyssey of a woman's soul in search of direction', but it is an excellent book for all that. The authoress, a veteran medical missionary in central Africa, has taken

a number of her own, and other missionaries', experiences and strung them together in a more or less autobiographical novel. It would be difficult to convey the peculiar charm of this narrative. The material is exotic, sometimes beautiful, sometimes fearful, often both—no reader, I think, could ever forget the terrible poetry of the 'fan torture' or the haunting melancholy of Chief Mu'muou's 'skull-hut'. The writing is decent and unassuming, and sometimes rather more than that. But it is especially the character of the author, naïve in most of the ways that don't matter, subtle in most of the ways that do, that will hold her audience's affection. A missionary equally without cant and without false worldliness, ready as only a woman of God can be to call a spade a spade, she realised that in order to bring any sort of real understanding of her faith to her extremely 'savage' parishioners, she must herself become at least nine-tenths black; she learns to understand, indeed almost in a way to condone, the murder of her own adopted son and the conversion of her own father's skull into a tribal fetish; she understands these things in the way that women are traditionally supposed to understand, intuitively, and she converts intuitively also. For that matter she is far too busy sticking hypodermics into black bottoms to have time to worry about her identity, and readers knocked off their perches by *Cards of Identity* might well read *Beyond the Hungry Country* to recover their sense of proportion. There is not a word of preaching in this book: I cannot imagine a more eloquent sermon.

Modern warfare tends to reduce the individual soldier to a mere cog in the machine; but in the empty wastes of the North African desert every tank-commander had almost the independence of a chivalric knight, perched in the turret of his iron-clad charger with his faithful squires about him. This was, to vary the metaphor, chess-board warfare, fought up and down a thousand miles of coast-line; and its triumphant conclusion, the capture or destruction of every enemy man and gun upon an entire continent, satisfies the neatest and greediest mind. Colonel Cyril Joly's account of this campaign, *Take These Men*, is a documentary narrative, slightly fictionalised, rather than a novel proper. He confines himself (no doubt deliberately) to the advances and retreats and sieges, the techniques of armoured warfare, the military difficulties of desert terrain, largely ignoring both the human material and the wider issues. He writes a good plain soldier's prose, dull, laconic, under-emphatic, with a minimum of either description or reflection. Nevertheless within its limits this is a wholly honest and objective work—Colonel Joly does not hesitate to depict the fear and the futility as well as the rather hectic elation of action; he supplies the facts, and the reader is at liberty, if he will, to supply the imagination.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Church and Society

THERE WAS THE EVANGELISTIC SERVICE for Good Friday from the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, and Solemn Eucharist for Easter Day from the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, Chichester. There was the religious film from France, 'La Nuit de Pâques'. There was the Duke of Norfolk showing us his castle of Arundel and Brian Johnston introducing some of the Test match victors home from Australia—Tyson, Statham, May, Bailey, and Graveney. There was the Nato programme with Lord Ismay and General Gruenther, and there was another edition of 'Panorama' and more than one of 'Sportview'. There was car hill-climbing and horse racing, and Peter Scott with some of his fellow ornithologists in 'Swans'. There was also 'Inventors' Club'.

Thus set out, last week's television may not make many non-viewers envious. There was enough to prove that those in charge had thought not only of momentum but of variety. Documentary was only faintly represented. Glanced at over the shoulder, the programmes tended to confirm a no longer latent suspicion that recent changes which put documentary producers under other departmental wings may have been more expedient than wise.

Once more the Outside Broadcasts Department transported us visually to distant scenes which no doubt for many were the crux of the viewing week. While the cameras in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, never brought the American evangelist, Billy Graham, within the scope of intimate observation, the microphones left us in no doubt of the force of his sincerity or of the skill of his technique in communicating it. In terms of salesmanship (and his style excuses the ascription), he is a brilliant exploiter of those whom William James called the tender-minded. In my viewing circle the response was tepid, though it was agreed that in his desire for a better world, etc., he merits all the goodwill he

can muster: 'fair enough'. There are implications of his extra-emphasis on personal responsibility that may call for deeper consideration. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, is his reiterated message. It is an assertion which cuts into the basic premise of the Welfare State. However, 12,000 people in the Kelvin Hall were involved at less rational levels of their being, and although the numbers of penitents at the close seemed small in contrast with the vast main body of the audience, there were signs that the evangelist had achieved a triumph of personality if not of persuasion. It lacked the beauty and dignity of the occasion at Chichester Cathedral, but it was a revealing television experience.

Beauty and dignity, yes; but there was at Chichester a want of spirit that was certainly not the case at Glasgow. My car is well attuned

voice speaking to us in the accents of good nature as well as of high authority. The programme had undertaken to cross-examine him and General Gruenther on Nato strength, with special reference to its capacity to keep the peace in the face of present dangers. Both men stood up well to the test of being questioned by a strongly opinionated panel consisting of William Clark, Drew, Middleton, Patrick O'Donovan, Adalbert de Segonzac, and Alastair Hetherington. General Gruenther's television merit is that he poses a good picture in discussion and states his facts simply and clearly, making no effort to impress except by the weight of his experience. The programme had a mission but it also had integrity and did not lapse into propaganda.

Peter Scott's programme about swans, last Saturday night, was made attractive by some exceptionally good pictures on film of Lord

Ilchester's swannery at Abbotsbury, and by the appearance in the studio of the hereditary swanherd of that place, Fred Lexster. He proved to be a 'natural' for television, an Englishman of the countryside, gifted with a genuine fluency of expression and graced by a morality as gentle as old Izaak's. It fell most refreshingly on the ear. Peter Scott showed us drawings of different sorts of swan. Bruce Campbell spoke to us in laboratory language about the swan census now in progress. It was Fred Lexster who made the programme memorable.

The second week of the newspaper strike brought into our ken more of the men who collect and edit the news for newspapers that have not been printed. In a laudable wish to give what Fleet Street would call full coverage, the B.B.C. invited not only those who deal with 'hard' news but the accessory contributors on fashion and the arts, and also the columnists. That act of amiable co-operation let us in for some showy chit-chat about Lady Docker and other personalities of the social scene. We now finally know that spoken gossip is worth hearing only in the private domain. Exposed to the air it makes a empty noise.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Mater Dolorosa

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS appeared in more than one guise in the Easter weekend's television. The first time was in a series of mime episodes from the Gospel story to music of Gluck and Handel. The dancers were from the Norwegian Ballet Company, the choreography was devised by Ivo Cramér, a pupil of Kurt Jooss, and the production (which came to an untimely end owing to one of the dancers fainting) was the work of Christian Simpson. This kind of dancing, with its mopping and mowing now looks rather dated on a stage and is possibly less effective still on a screen. But the admittedly experimental nature of 'The Messenger' made an interesting change on our screen and went about as far as can be gone in the way of unrealistic stylising of the human body in motion. Herod, a mandarin figure, and the grieving mothers mournfully gyrating after the slaughter of the innocents, lingered long in memory. And the music was stirring.



As seen by the viewer: 'Arundel Castle' on April 6: the dining-room, and a portrait of the twelfth duke of Norfolk by Gainsborough

Photographs: John Cura

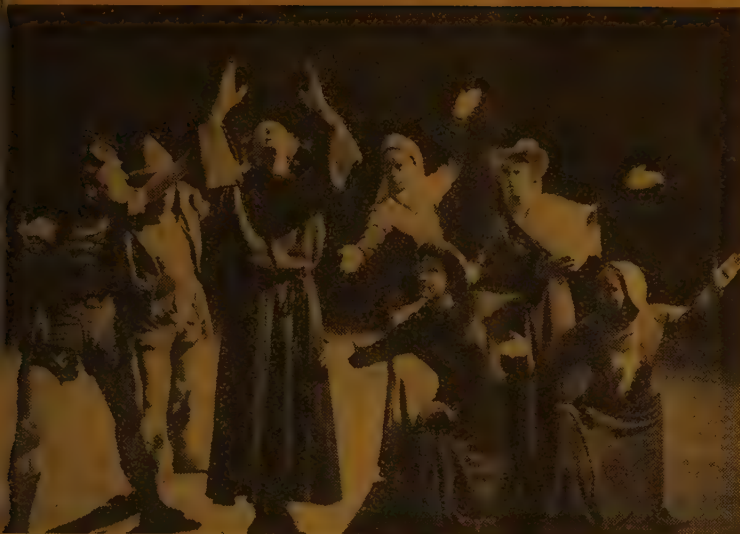
to the usages and customs of the Established Church. It was repelled by the dreariness of parts of the service. A critic is allowed his prejudices and mine are in favour of primroses for incense and of the poetry of the Easter service in the village church. They are not in favour of televising Holy Communion. At Chichester some of the shots of the processional prelude had an old-master quality. We heard beautiful treble singing and stirring trumpet rejoinders to the diapason challenge of the organ. What was not abundantly apparent was why the cameras had been moved the eight miles or so west for a service which, except for the difference of

authority, might have taken place in the Roman Catholic church of St. Philip Neri at Arundel. There, by the way, we saw real old masters, ancestral portraits looking down on the present head of an ancient house, dutifully addressed as 'Your Grace' by Richard Dimbleby, who did his best to rid us of a nagging sense of trespass. Evidently not to be out-rivalled by the Howards, those other great landlords, the Russells, in the persons of the Duke of Bedford and his family, appeared two days later in Television News and Newsreel, which showed the first of the season's queues at Woburn Abbey.

Lord Ismay has an eminently likable television presence, his brandy-and-cigar



General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander Europe, and Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of Nato, discussing the Atlantic Alliance in 'Keeping the Peace' on April 4.



The Norwegian Ballet in 'The Message', a series of Biblical pictures, produced by Christian Simpson on April 8, with Ivo Cramér (centre, arms raised) as the Apostle Peter

I suppose there are always those who prefer that this story should come to them, if not in the words of holy writ, at least by way of the piety of the past. Those, I imagine, would prefer to contemplate the sorrows of Mary by way of some Stabat Mater or such infinitely moving statues as Michelangelo's Pietà. A modern-dress Mary, talking the small talk of the middle western American housewife, will seem to them—not indeed blasphemous—but incongruous. This, however, is just what they were expected to accept on Sunday night and was just what Miss Fay Compton was charged to perform. It is a part which she had played memorably on the London stage, but, for evident reasons, one tenfold more difficult to bring off successfully on television.

The essential difficulty for the actress is that television gives no cover whatever: a film, like a tape recording, can be edited, different versions of various cardinal moments substituted. A television performance is all in one piece and must stand or fall by this one attempt. Miss Compton, though skilled in film acting, is primarily an actress of the theatre, and has perfected a technique which in itself can bring the furthestmost spectator as close as the watcher in the front row of the stalls. She can externalise and carve clear with facial mobility and carefully timed gesture the whole gamut of mimed feeling. And for television with its thrusting, peering lens, almost the half of that technique is redundant. What television discloses, without mercy, is the degree of sincerity of feeling which informs any performance, which is why, very often, the shy, the nervous, the incompetent aspirant, or the totally unselfconscious personality fares better than those who have been appearing before the public all their lives and are armoured in the skills of appearing at ease.

So it is all the more of a triumph for an actress of Miss Compton's experience to achieve such a moving and genuine impression in the American play 'Family Portrait'. Her closing scene where, on the eve of a marriage by the nephew of Jesus, Mary—to the dismay of the family, who would just as well let bygones be

bygones—speaks up for that member of the family, her firstborn, who had been executed, crucified Roman fashion, was done with such perfect art that it made us forget we were watching a staged (and at times deliberately staged) dramatisation. The authors, Lenore Coffee and W. Joyce Cowen, are clever in keeping up the interest in the story as seen from the side of the brothers and sisters of Jesus.

But, of course, it would hardly 'work' on the stage if it did not have 'curtains', often marked with a strong flourish of dramatic irony. These become too obtrusive on the small, home screen. Such a one was the first meeting between Mary and Judas Iscariot in a

many others in a long cast. Chloe Gibson produced a smooth performance which had no hitch save a short breakdown of sound.

The Skupa puppets were quite nice, but one looks at puppets too close on television for real enjoyment. Apropos of Anglo-American usage noted above, surely much water has flowed under the bridges if we now tell the children Aesop's fable as 'The Fox and the Rooster'?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Marginal Notes

IT WAS AN EXCELLENT IDEA to have a Scottish narrator for 'The Twelve-Pound Look' (Home), that shrewdest of curtain-raisers, left oddly stranded at a day when the 'first piece' is out of fashion. Barrie's own intimate author-to-playgoer asides should certainly be heard. The play is masterfully economical, but in the theatre one does miss the stage directions: no chance there for the best of both worlds. Although we did not get them all last Tuesday, Duncan McIntyre gently stroked along those that remained. And even if I wished that we could have had, say, Sir Harry's 'beginning to think as little of her intellect as her morals' and 'The illiterate woman has used the wrong adjective', all must have agreed that Norman Shelley inflated the fellow like the plumpiest of inner tubes. One could see the balloon, 'Thinks', trailing away from his head as he spoke such a line as 'And, Tombes, strictly speaking, you know, I am not Sir Harry till Tuesday', with its implied marginal note, 'He has very lately become a stickler for etiquette'.

Mr. Shelley summoned at once for us the vision of 'a pleasant rotundity with a thick red neck'. His speech was richly red-necked, and he had the right adversary in Betty Ann Davies. The attractive crackle in her voice added point to such a line as 'I wonder if she would let me do her washing, Sir Harry'. Even a Harry Sims cannot live 'in suit of armour pent' for ever. Kate finds every chink



Two scenes from 'Family Portrait' on April 10: above (left to right) with Graham Ashley (back to camera) as Simon, Stephen Boyd as Joseph, Michael Walker as Daniel when a child, Joan Haythorne (facing camera) as Mary Cleophas, Anne Allan (back to camera) as Naomi, Fay Compton as Mary, Kenneth Haigh as Judah, and Anthony Newlands as James; right, with Fay Compton, Joan Haythorne, and William Lucas as a disciple

food shop in Capernaum. However, the Gospel story itself is not without marvellous strokes of dramatic irony—what of the cock crowing thrice?—so I cannot myself feel that there is anything inherently objectionable in piling on the dramatic effect, once dramatisation of any kind is permitted.

Much more difficult was the intrusive American idiom. It was easy enough to slip into the idea of a modern dress Israel family. But the talk about 'prominent families', 'roustabouts', 'styles' (where 'fashions' were meant) and 'having the edge of someone else', as well as the home chat which was indefinably that of the great American matriarchy, imported extraneous overtones. Besides Miss Compton's Mary, there was some excellent acting from Joan Haythorne as a sharp-tongued aunt (Mary Cleophas), from Rosalie Crutchley in a brief but I suppose inevitable episode as Mary of Magdala, William Lucas, Anthony Newlands, and





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th a sharp hat-pin. That final jab from the assumed wet-nag Emmy, 'Are they very expensive . . . those machines?', must surely lay it out with no hope of rising. Barrie, presumably, does not think so: 'The curtain hides it from us, but we may be sure that he will not be bland again'. I have never believed in that comment, and I hardly imagine that Frederick Bradnum—who produced the radio revival—believes it either. Wisely the play was allowed to end on Lady Sims' devastating last words, spoken with the proper weight by Dorothy Black. This remains the most telling 'curtain-raiser' (something curiously contemporaneous about that phrase) of Barrie's period and era.

In 'The Key of the Garden' (Home) we have, as it were, a set of marginal notes on the great Easter story. If one had tuned in to Naomi Mitchison and Lewis Gielgud's play, unaware of the theme, a random sentence might have given quite the wrong impression. 'The way I see it, my luck's in and somethin' might turn up'. Who says that? Surprisingly, Barabbas. Earlier, the crowd from Galilee is called 'as big a lot of toughs as ever I did see'. And so on. But in performance the quick modern idiom does not trouble us. It gives a sharp immediacy; the dramatists, who can find a heightened speech when needed, have been alert in filling out the background; and in performance the play came to us most movingly: an apt choice for a world that, in Beach Thomas' Easter lines, watches the great stone rolled away from Winter's Tomb. Joseph O'Connor's authority as Joseph of Arimathea ('one of the top-notch high-ups' somebody calls him) distinguished the night, and the Peter and James had an Irish fervour. Norman Wright produced.

I caught the third instalment of 'Seven Stages' (Light), by Stella Margaretson. Marjorie Westbury—who, I gathered, would become her own daughter later on—was having a bad time in Belgravia during 1885. Dear Caroline was married to Edwin, a rising politician who appeared to be falling. We all know what a light it can cast over the family when Father is not appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; at least two in three of us must have rummaged that the Other Fellow 'can't even find Paris on the map'. Poor Edwin, who had been so clever and so charming (and even under the patronage of Lord Beaconsfield himself), took the matter badly: he talked of 'a lot of tuppenny tradesmen who had bought their way into parliament'. Caroline—she had really wanted to be a singer—nobly refrained from the twelve-pound pok; she did her best to be cheerful, and I think Edwin calmed down. Miss Westbury, with song, was her delightful self; but some of us felt glad that she would soon be away from Belgravia, and in another generation.

I had a mild half-hour with 'The Barlowes of Beddington' (Light). It was near the end of the term; the Head was still gallantly diplomatic; a sergeant-major roared magnificently beneath the windows; there was chat about a possible school revue; and I found myself wondering (in a marginal note) whether any of the Dales had been to Beddington in their time. 'Ring That Bell' (Home) considered, at the top of its voice, the case of Cheerful Cut-throat Chester, 'curse of the Caribbean and a proper little menace on the Manchester Ship Canal'. And, after a generally competent performance of Schnitzler's 'Playing With Love' (Light), I was left looking for three notes: 'Bitter-sweet' (inevitable, nameful, and almost erased), 'So gay' (as an endearing critic would say to me, with tears in his eyes, on leaving some wistful little piece), and 'Harcourt Williams': the last a sign—also inevitable—that Mr. Williams, in his quiet way, had walked off with the piece.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Holy Week

AS ONE OF THE BROADCASTS celebrating Holy Week, an extract from Charles Péguy's 'Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc' was read in the Third Programme in an English translation by the Franco-American novelist Julian Green. Opinions still differ much, I believe, even in France, on Péguy's work, and in England he must have few readers. My own knowledge of him is limited to a single reading of a single poem which left me undecided whether it displayed the eloquence of simplicity or an oratory too facile for the average English stomach. And I had the same doubts at first as I listened to this extract read by Flora Robson. Some of the constantly repeated phrases seemed unwarrantably portentous. On the other hand the extreme simplicity of the language in which the story of the Passion is given—it is being told to Joan of Arc by a Franciscan nun—is often extremely touching and gives an extraordinary immediacy to the events described. Miss Robson's wonderful reading perfectly displayed these qualities and soon I had succumbed to the unmistakable sincerity and imaginative power of Péguy's presentation of the story.

On the Light Programme from Monday to Friday David Lloyd James described in short talks from ten to fifteen minutes his experiences and impressions during a recent visit to the Holy Land. He has a sure eye for the details which will create a picture in the listener's mind and so his descriptions of ancient churches, simple villages and towns, and the wild, rocky country in which many of them lie left sharp and memorable impressions.

'Care and Protection', a programme written and narrated by Stephen Grenfell, described, with dramatic features, a typical family in which the children are neglected by their parents and finally brought before the magistrates of the juvenile courts and handed over by them to the care of the local authorities. The programme, showed impartially both the virtues and failings of the present system and gave much information of great interest to any listener with human feelings. Speaking for myself, I find that the use of dramatic features in a programme of this kind, so far from bringing the story home to me, tends to move it one stage away from credibility. This is not due to any fault in the performance or writing but because the method has become over-familiar. I seem to be listening not to the voices and sentiments of the unfortunate family but to the B.B.C. dishing up the old stuff once again. On me a carefully prepared, vividly descriptive talk would have twice the impact of the dramatic method.

Another very different broadcast on the child was an excellent short story, 'You Scared the Child', written and read by L. A. G. Strong, about a hefty and aggressive young Irishman who was accompanying his small daughter on a journey by air. This presented a subtle psychological study of a blustering coward and, besides, an amusing, touching, and paradoxical relation between father and daughter, and it was this that gave the story its form.

'The Great Divide' was the title of a broadcast by C. S. Lewis of a version of his inaugural lecture as Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge. He argued that the supposed rift between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is a figment of Renaissance propaganda and that the periods recognised by students of literature and history are often merely the inventions of historians who feel compelled to impose some sort of structure on the past. The Great Divide, Mr. Lewis maintained, lies not between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, but after Jane Austen and Scott with the arrival of the machine age. I am

not qualified to criticise these attractive heresies: I can only say that I very much enjoyed listening to him as he expounded them learnedly and persuasively, letting fall by the way a variety of refreshing ideas and suggestions. But if Mr. Lewis robs us of all those valuable labels which take the place of thought, we shall be compelled, when chatting about literature, really to know what we are talking about.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Handel and Beethoven

EXPLORATIONS IN THE COURSE of the week into the hinterland of German music revealed Handel's St. John Passion, a novelty for most of us, which took the place usually reserved on Good Friday for one of the Bach Passions. This youthful work of the giant Handel, decorative in an Italianate manner rather than devout in the manner of some of Handel's contemporaries, did not exactly emerge from its period; and it prompted the reflection that in Handel's work as a whole there is very little true religious music. Is this not so? Apart from the Te Deums and anthems, Handel's instrumental, choral, and dramatic styles are all essentially secular, even in the 'Messiah', and the pictorial effects in this early St. John Passion similarly veer towards the stage. This is not in itself surprising: the Church and the stage have frequently disputed the destiny of music. My criticism of the performance of this little-known work under the able direction of Maurice Miles is that it was apt to fall between these two stools: an operatic manner was allowed to predominate among some of the soloists, while the instrumental and choral sections did not always rise from the ground.

Historians consider that the universe of Beethoven has by now been pretty well explored. Historical theories, however, are only a beginning; their validity has ultimately to be tested in performance of the music itself. The programme of chamber music by Beethoven's contemporary, Hummel, known chiefly through the work of cloistered students, disclosed not so much an influence of Beethoven—the echoes of his explosion into music went on rumbling throughout the nineteenth century—but an actual similarity of feature, as if we had been privileged to see a portrait of one of the composer's relatives. The Clarinet Quartet by Hummel, which the Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble certainly brought to life, recalled, even more than the neglected Septet, a Beethovenian strength of phrase, though not of course the great composer's formal strategy. The next day this hinterland of Beethoven was likewise illuminated by the Goldsborough Orchestra's performance under Lawrence Leonard of the 'Jena' Symphony, the authorship of which has not yet been settled, though who but Beethoven could have written those imperious trumpet calls in the second movement? Who, one wondered, until we were reminded of the size of Beethoven in the Fourth Symphony, given by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. What then stood out a mile—if any kind of observation on the subject of Beethoven is not already perfectly obvious—was precisely the more-than-life-size impression of the Beethovenian vision: invariably, the whole of a Beethoven symphony is more than the sum of its component parts.

From beyond the Rhine too, in Schmidt-Isserstedt's programmes, were the contemporary works of Boris Blacher and Werner Egk. There are not only real musical ideas in Blacher's 'Variations on a theme of Paganini', alive like grasshoppers and as agile; here is a composer of our time who can command a wonderfully

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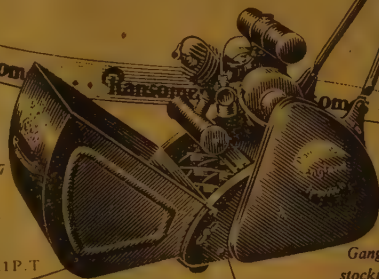
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can use of the orchestra. Incidentally, the playing of the wood-wind and brass instruments in his work was the most meticulous heard from these sections of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in recent weeks. I wish my musical affinities allowed me to offer a more dispassionate judgement of Egk's 'French Suite'. These coldly calculated Teutonic amplifications of themes by Rameau may be ingenious. But ingenuity is hardly enough; subtlety in dealing with Rameau is desirable, not to mention warmth of heart. At least one was almost embarrassed at the way this talented German composer had worried the life out of his charming French themes.

The cycle of Vaughan Williams Symphonies is now reached the F minor, the full impact which was let forth by the City of Birmingham

Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz. This strident 1935 Symphony is gradually appearing to be less of a parenthesis in Vaughan Williams' evolution than a clear sign of his larger stature. Now that the work's added degrees of dissonance have become more readily accepted, its formal unity has become correspondingly more noticeable: it is, in fact, the most unified work in the symphonic form Vaughan Williams has yet produced. Dovetailed into this cycle was the first of a series of symphonies by Bohuslav Martinu, launched by Rafael Kubelik. Composers of symphonies do not exactly abound nowadays, and if this first symphony of Martinu is a fair sample one wonders whether this ambitious scheme is designed to serve the best interests of this original Czech

composer. A symphony is not a symphony unless something is absorbed of the philosophy of Orlandus Lassus expressed in his setting of 'La fin est mon commencement'. Orlandus was not a symphonist, but plainly he would have been today. On a first hearing Martinu's first symphony did not appear, despite its electrifying first movement, to reflect much of this concept.

Not to conclude these jottings on a provocative note, let me record the simpler pleasures afforded by 'L'Uccellatrice', the pretty period intermezzo by Jommelli for soprano and tenor, recorded by the junior company of La Scala; and, in 'Music to Remember', the songs of Granados and Falla sung by Marina de Gabarain in an authentic Spanish manner.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Schein and the German Madrigal

By HANS F. REDLICH

A programme of Schein's 'Geistliche Madrigale' will be broadcast at 10.0 p.m. on Wednesday, April 20 (Third)

THERE are several good reasons for the late emergence of the German madrigal. The madrigal in Italy, where the species originated, exhaled an aura of sensuous emotionalism, thriving in a poetical hothouse atmosphere utterly foreign to the Teuton of the late Renaissance. The tradition of the German part-song (*Tenorlied*), with its associations with the polyphonic motet and its reliance on folk-tune, chorale or liturgic *canto fermo*, was continued in the glorious heritage of Ludwig Senfl and his followers. Moreover, the habitual conservatism of German composers, noticeable even in progressives such as Hassler, Praetorius, Schütz, and Scheidt, militated against wholehearted acceptance of the stylistic doctrine represented by the Italian *stile nuovo*. Finally, even outstanding German poets of the early seventeenth century—such as Martin Opitz and Paul Fleming—cut but poor figures compared with Bembo, Tasso, Guarini, and the lesser lights of madrigal poetry in Italy.

Italian madrigals were slow in crossing the Alps; they were equally slow in drifting across the Channel, with the result that the English madrigal was stimulated into existence only by the London publication of *Musica Transalpina* in 1588 and 1597. The first composers within the German cultural orbit to reflect the full impact of the Italian madrigal were either pupils of Giovanni Gabrieli in Venice (Hans Leo Hassler and Heinrich Schütz) or men like Leonhard Lechner (c. 1553-1606) who—as a native of the South Tyrol—had been born on the fringe of Italy proper.

Lechner, a pupil of Lassus and Ivo de Vento, next to Hassler, the greatest figure in German music before Schütz. He was certainly the first German composer to understand the basic conception of the madrigal style. In his remarkable publication *Neue Deutsche Lieder mit vier bis seuff Stimmen* (Nuremberg, 1577) he alone bridged the gap between Senfl's part-songs and the Italianate music of 'the three great Ss'—Schein, Scheidt, and Schütz. In this collection may be found archaic *Tenorlieder* (based on liturgic *canti fermi*, such as 'Christ ist erstanden'), cheek by jowl with modern Italianate madrigals and *villanelle*, such as the delightful little gem 'O Lieb' wie süß und bitter', the song of bitter-sweet love 'wie Petrarca dich ennet' ('as Petrarch calls you'), conjuring up the venerable image of the ancestor of madrigal culture. Hassler and Schütz went a step further. They succumbed to the lure of Italian emotionalism by temporarily becoming Italian madrigalists. Hassler's Italian canzonets in four

parts and his madrigals in five parts of 1590 and 1596, and Schütz' Venetian Opus 1, his first and only book of madrigals (1611) stand up to comparison even with Marenzio's and Monteverdi's madrigals, composed and published within the same two decades. These Italian madrigals, on favourite texts by Tasso and Guarini, composed by two great Germans, are glorious *tours de force*, a triumph of style over nature and innate racial predilections.

It was left to the fiery spirit of Johann Hermann Schein (and, to a lesser degree, to his followers Nauwach, Selle, and Kittel) to absorb the heritage of the Italian madrigal and the achievements of Italian *basso continuo* technique, and to transform the concepts of *musica transalpina* into something thoroughly German. Schein was born at Gruenhain (Saxony) on January 20, 1586. He died prematurely on November 19, 1630, in Leipzig where he had occupied for the last fourteen years of his short life the post of cantor of the *Thomaskirche*. (He was thus a predecessor of Bach's, whose appointment to the position was made almost exactly a hundred years later.) Schein sang treble in the Court Chapel of Dresden under Rogier Michael, studied at *Schulpforta* under Bodenschütz and came—as so many of his generation did—under the overpowering influence of Lassus. He struck up a lifelong friendship with Schütz who was to compose a moving dirge for Schein's funeral. Schein never went to Italy and it is only in his vocal music that the full extent of the fertilising Italian influence is apparent.

That Schein could hold his own against any Italian in *stylo madrigalesco*, was acknowledged by Caspar Printz in his *Historische Beschreibung der edlen Sing- und Klingkunst* (Dresden, 1690). He was also a gifted poet like Senfl and Campion, and something of a literary connoisseur. He became saturated with the music of Marenzio, Gesualdo, and Monteverdi, before developing as a madrigalist in his own right. His points of departure were Hassler and Lassus who gave the creative stimulus for the seventeen five-part part-songs of the *Venuskränzelein* (1609) as also for the big collection of motets called *Cymbalum Sionium* (1621). Schein found his own idiom in the idyllic pastoralism of his three-part *villanelle*, *Musica boscareccia* (*Waldliederlein*) of 1621, and in the *continuo*-madrigals of his *Diletti pastorali* (*Hirtenlust*) of 1624. However, he struck a much deeper note in his spiritual madrigals, collected under the quaint title of *Fontana d'Israel*, *Israelis Bruennlein auserlesener Krafft-Spruechlein*, and published at Leipzig in 1623. The words of these

madrigals in five and six parts are chiefly taken from the Book of Psalms and evidently chosen for their emotional content.

In their musical treatment Schein abandoned himself fully to the pictorialism characteristic of the madrigal style. His music had absorbed the *espressivo* technique of Marenzio and Monteverdi. Even a cursory glance at the *Israelsbrunnlein* reveals the identity of its models. It is the Monteverdi of the Fifth Book of Madrigals (1605), the first to include genuine *continuo*-madrigals and to contain, *inter alia*, the famous 'pre-operative' love-scenes from Guarini's *Pastor fido*. Mirtillo's dissonant and languorous yearnings for Amaryllis are echoed in the religious ecstasies of Schein's inspired 'Wende dich, Herr, und sei mir gnädig' ('Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me') with its harsh semitonal clashes between treble and tenor.

In that dramatic setting of verses 16-18 of Psalm xxv as well as in the following piece, an extract from Isaiah xlix, 'But Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me', the original employment of *forte* and *piano* is truly remarkable. Schein does not confine his dynamic effects to these 'black and white' contrasts but, here as elsewhere in his madrigals, achieves variety of tone-colour by judiciously splitting up his five parts into self-contained groups of two and three of contrasting pitch. The implicit dualism of style, so characteristic of Schein and Schütz as spiritual heirs of Monteverdi, may be observed in the initial piece of the *Israelsbrunnlein*, a setting of Psalm cxvi, 16 ('Lord, truly I am thy servant') which abounds in canonic imitations, and in the polyphonic intricacies of the old Flemish motets. Thus it expresses the occasional nostalgia for Palestrina's *stile antico*, which attacked the 'three great Ss' again and again.

On the other hand, the modern and sensuous chromaticism of Gesualdo as well as the rhythmic differentiation of Monteverdi's *concertante* style (first tried out in the Seventh Book of Madrigals, and published in 1619) certainly inspired in Schein such pictorial melodies as that set to the words 'Die mit Tränen säen . . .', ('They that sow in tears shall reap in joy . . .'), from Psalm cxxxvi, 5-6.

A melody of such sweep, imbued with such depth of feeling and showing such keen sense of structural balance despite its obvious pictorialism, is a clear pointer towards Bach's emotional language of musical *espressivo*, a language specially eloquent in the church cantatas and Passions, which undoubtedly grew from the fertile soil of the vocal music of 'the three great Ss'.

Mon ami le philosophe

MY FRIEND THE PHILOSOPHER

maintient que

MAINTAINS THAT

les trois éléments

THE THREE ESSENTIALS

de l'horticulture sont une

OF HORTICULTURE ARE A

chaise longue, une

DECK-CHAIR, A

bouteille de Dubonnet et

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une imagination

A LIVELY IMAGINATION.

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Better Lighting in the Home—I

By RICHARD FREETH

BELIEVE in light—plenty of it—and in having it where I want it. I like to make it an integral part of the house and not just an afterthought. To begin with, the whole front of my tiny house lights up, for there is concealed lighting outside, over each window, and the window-boxes really do look charming at night. Then there is concealed lighting over the front door and watertight fittings for lighting the area steps and the backyard, and, as well as that, in summer I string coloured lights all over the place. Of course I do not have all this on all the time. All the year round I have portable lighting outside, so that if I should want to get in with any gardening after dark, I can. Naturally, you must be extra careful about seeing that all outdoor wiring is well earthed and well insulated.

Inside, as my house is small, I have done away with all floor and table standard lamps. Instead, on the ground floor, for instance, I have lamps set into the ceiling, one over each point where I want to see really well; and with pull switches within easy reach I find them just as convenient. There is a good deal of background lighting, too, from lamps concealed under the curtain elms and so on.

I also use pull switches for working the lights on the stairs. I think they are very good here, for with their long, hanging cords you can put out a finger and switch on, whatever you may be carrying—an important safety point. They are usually much cheaper to install than the ordinary kind for which the walls have to be channelled away for the wiring; and you hardly notice the cords if

you colour them to match their backgrounds.

My basement kitchen, which is also the living room, is lit by five hanging lamps with gay shades which form part of the decoration, and each fitting is placed to do a definite job. They have all been hung near the walls and so, although my ceiling is very low, they do not get in the way. The store cupboard has a light in it worked by an automatic switch which goes on and off with the opening and closing of the door. My built-in cupboards upstairs have the same sort of switching and lighting.

There is plenty of light in the bathroom, too. It is concealed over the bath and the basin. There is a twin-lamp wall-bracket on each side of a large looking-glass that reaches from floor to ceiling. I have far, far more lighting than most people, but please do not run away with the idea that it is all just decorative nonsense. Each one of my lamps has a job to do, and since that is so it rarely means that they are all on at the same time. My lighting is tailor-made for me, and I would like to think that the same thing applied to everyone.

The rules for good lighting are simple enough—have enough light; no glare (attained by properly shaded lamps placed so that the light is shining on what you want to see and not in your eyes); and no dense shadows where you do not want them. How can you see properly in the kitchen, for instance, if you have just one lamp in the centre of the room? It stands to reason that practically everything you do makes you stand in your own light.

Lately I have been experimenting with decorative surface wiring and it can look attractive.

Consider the kitchen again, with a central light. Supposing you want a light over a sink or over a new dining alcove, there is nothing to prevent you from having the wiring taken from the central point, but instead of trying to paint it to match the ceiling arranging it in a decorative pattern and picking it out in a bright colour. I think its best to design the pattern yourself and then your electrical contractor can follow it in lead-covered cable.—*Woman's Hour*

Notes on Contributors

- ROBERT E. SHERWOOD (page 643): playwright and author of *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, *The White House Papers of Harry Hopkins*, etc.; during the war was Director of Overseas Operations, Office of War Information
C. A. FISHER (page 645): Lecturer in Geography, University College, Leicester
WILFRED NEWNHAM (page 647): a commentator of the Australian Broadcasting Commission who has recently made a tour of Pakistan
R. M. JACKSON, LL.D. (page 653): Reader in Public Law and Administration, Cambridge University; author of *Machinery of Justice in England*, etc.
V. S. PRITCHETT (page 655): author of *The Spanish Temper*, *Books in General*, etc.
L. P. HARTLEY (page 658): novelist, critic, and author of *The White Wand*, *The Go-Between*, *The Boat*, etc.
PIETER GEYL (page 664): Professor of Modern History, University of Utrecht since 1936; author of *Napoleon, For and Against*, *From Ranke to Toynbee*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,302. Third Degree. By Rampersand

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, April 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner

The puzzle is a three-dimensional cross-number; figures I, II, III represent the top, centre, and lower layers of a cube. All the lights are different three-digit numbers, not beginning with a zero. In clues I and 13, the four primes are not necessarily different, but none of them is unity.



NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

4. Square.
15. Square.
16. Prime.
3. Prime.
10. The product of four primes.
11. Prime.
13. The product of four primes.
14. Prime.

DOWN

1. One half the product of $\sqrt{4}$ Through - 1 and $\sqrt{15}$ Across.
2. A multiple of 12 Down.
3. A factor of 9 Down.
4. Prime.
5. A multiple of 12 Down.
6. The product of two consecutive primes.
7. The sum of the twenty-seven digits used in the solution of the puzzle.
8. Prime.

THROUGH

Solution of No. 1,300

Y	E	A	R	L	I	N	G	O	C	E	A	N
A	N	T	I	G	O	N	E	Z	E	B	R	A
M	G	E	N	E	R	A	L	O	N	O	R	M
B	I	S	O	N	T	M	A	N	A	T	E	E
I	N	T	R	O	D	U	C	E	J	U	T	S
D	E	E	M	A	E	N	L	A	R	G	E	S
E	L	E	O	P	A	R	D	Q	U	I	T	E
X	Y	L	O	S	E	I	A	U	N	S	E	T
T	E	A	S	I	N	G	W	A	S	T	E	R
R	U	N	D	A	L	E	K	E	E	L	S	A
O	P	T	E	R	I	O	N	F	R	E	E	D
U	A	H	O	E	S	V	A	R	L	E	T	E
S	S	E	N	A	T	E	C	O	B	R	A	S

NOTES

Across Words: 1. R(ELAY)ING; 8. CANOE (ONCE A*); 12. N(EG)ATION; 14. BRAZE (ZEA*); 16. EN-LAR-GE; 17. MOY(MON); 18. NOBIS-Epistles II, ii, 55; 20. E-MANA TE; 22. R-EDUCTION; 24. JU(RYMA)ST; 25. MEEF (MEDE*); 27. GLEANERS (GENERALS*); 31. PA-ROLE-D (Pad once meant highway robbery—O.E.D.); 35. QUIET(US); 37. LY-XOS-E (OXLEYS*); 39. T(RIB)UNES-Rib, i.e., wife (trouble and strife in rhyming slang); 41. GENISTA (hidden); 42. RAWEST (WATERS*); 43. LA-UN-DER; 47. SLEEK (LEEKs*); 51. POINTER (PRO-TEIN*); 55. (Chemin)DE-FER; 56. HOSE(hidden); 57. T-RAVE-L(Thallium); 58. S-ATE-EN; 59. CAROBS(Bora).
Down: 5R. (OCT)ROI; 6R. MANN(A); F.T. and F.S. MANN (MIDDLESEX); 8. O; 12. Has no repeated letter; 19. IDEA(L); 21. W(ESSEX); 23. (R)UNRIG; 29. RUN(AGATE)s; 30. G(IRONDI)ST; 33. E(PSI)DON; U(PSI)DON; 40. Two meanings; 45. ARE(THUS)A; 46R. *Prometheus Unbound, II, iii, 9; E. V. Knox; 49. Epistles and Satires of Horace Imitated; 52. (TI)THE; 54R. CAN(OPUS).
* = anagram.

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